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THE INDIAN CRISIS.

It is painful and impressive to watch how gradually the awful nature of the Indian difficulty rises before the eyes of the public. At first, it appeared as a mere hitch about certain unpopular cartridges; then we heard of the mutiny of a few regiments who (strangely, as it seemed) had managed to secure Delhi; next, the whole Bengal army was in revolt, and hideous massacres were brought to light from a score of places. Now the position is such that its evils can scarcely be exaggerated; and the country is awakening to the fact that it is in one of the most vital crises of its history. We recur to the subject from a profound sense of the necessity of meeting the position heartily and gallantly, and because we are anxious to see the people rallying round the Government in the cause of the Empire.

Of course, there are some dozens of people in positions more or less prominent, whose natural impulse it is to make light of the danger. Well, to take the affair as cheerfully as may be, is no doubt right enough—a croaker under such circumstances is at once a danger and a bore. But what we deprecate is the ignoring the full extent of the mischief, when even panic would be preferable to apathy. It is difficult to rouse people even on the best grounds about a country of which little is known, and which has not much influenced that particular branch of politics which is most popular in this generation. Of the two dangers, then, the danger of indifference is the greater. We wish the public to understand that the mutiny in Bengal is universal—that the alarm at Calcutta itself by the last accounts was intense—that whole provinces are disorganised, and that the rising has been accompanied by fiendish acts of brutal cruelty to women and children, such as we must be brutes ourselves if we do not avenge; and which the boasted blood of thousands of Brahmans could scarcely atone for. We want to see the passion and the pluck of this country roused, and merged into one deep desire to avenge and to reconquer; we want to see brigades of soldiers forthcoming, and putting to sea in squadrons of ships among the cheers of their countrymen, and the mutiny trampled out like fire, or, if necessary, the country deliberately

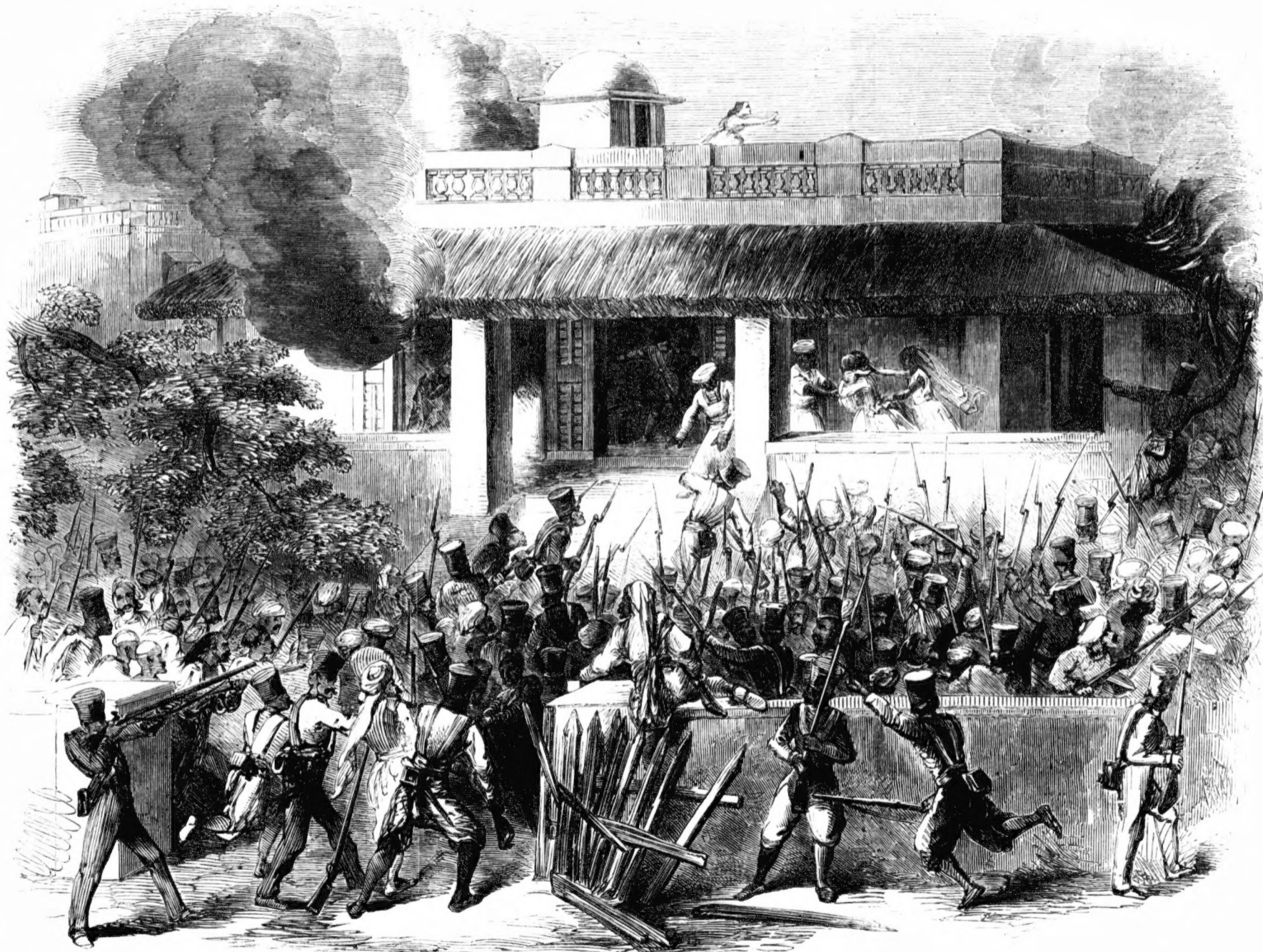
won all over again from the hills to the sea. Less than this amount of resolution will not do, if the British people wish to maintain their position among the great Powers of the world. And we apprehend that this resolution must be come to, apart from the question of the causes of the revolt altogether, or the question of the goodness or badness of our Government of India hitherto.

We may be perfectly sure, indeed, that that Government has not been wise lately; and further, that we have failed to civilise the people in any proportion to what might have been expected from our opportunities. So much is clear from the nature of the revolt. In the first place, our officials are so ignorant that they know nothing of a revolt being in the wind; in the next place, when it comes, it is badly met (we allude to Meerut) in its early, that is, its most vital stage. Again, the people—and we include townsfolk and villagers as well as soldiers in the category—behave with a violence and ferocity such as has only distinguished the worst scenes in history. This last fact quite puts the movement out of the class of mere mutinies—such mutinies as the "Times" attributes to military "ambition." These ferocities were not committed by the soldiers only, but by the casual rabble of each station; while on the other hand the soldiers do not seem to have a purely political object. Their mode of rising—desultory, passionate, cruel—is contrary to that theory, and they have no leaders, no organisation. They rise rather as a part of the people—the armed, and therefore powerful part; at least, they have acted up to this time in a way to make this probable. There is a marked tinge of nationality, as distinct from mere soldierly feeling, in their doings. And, indeed, it must be remembered that a Bengal regiment is composed of a superior class of the population; it is raised much as the old Puritan regiments in our civil wars were raised: its mutiny is not a mere "strike" for more pay, nor even a bold stroke for power, but partakes of a national, sacred, traditional character. Let the reader remember the passing of the lotus flowers (a flower that holds a religious place in the Indian mythology) and the cakes, the complaints about the cartridges, the importance attached in India to

the caste of the men who have mutinied, and he will easily be able to fancy how national an affair this revolt must be. We cannot see, indeed, on what grounds some journalists appear to ignore this aspect of the business altogether, and confound the falling-off of an entire army with those mere bits of mutiny, partial and local, which occur in all armies, and of course have occurred in India before. If the Bengal army is really bent on shaking off our yoke, it must be, we may depend, in harmony with a very wide feeling. On the theory that the rebellious spirit is military only, how account for its being necessary to gag the press?

But, we repeat, the far more important matter is what are we to do about this mutiny from our safe quarters at home? It may be, that Delhi taken and the mutineers awed (given the continued loyalty of the Madras and Bombay troops, of which no man can feel sure from mail to mail), the worst danger may be tided over. But, even so, there is order to restore, blood to avenge, a whole army to re-model, and where are our grounds of security while these things are being done? We can have none, except in the presence of a large British force, to the sending out of which, all our energies ought to be devoted. The expenses of the war are to be borne by the Company. Hitherto they have, of course, paid a certain sum to Queen's regiments serving in their territory, but, as we understand, they will now bear the "whole and sole" charge of the forces sent there.

Even with this proviso, however, the demands made on our patriotism will not be slight. It is no pleasing prospect to contemplate, the complete denudation of the country of its best regiments—but to this we must make up our minds, as well as to the heavy losses inevitable in them, in the climate to which they are destined. The militia, also, will no doubt be called out, as soon as the harvest is over, to supply the place of regular troops; and already the bills of the recruiting-sergeant are seen on our public places. The country must buckle cheerfully to the work, and nothing is more important than that an enthusiastic and lively public opinion should act as steam to keep the wheels of war in play.



DESTRUCTION OF A BUNGALOW AT MEERUT.—(SEE PAGE 105.)

We will not calculate, huckster-like, what India is worth to England. It was won by the valour of our ancestors, and we cannot lose it without infamy. It is associated all over the civilised world with our name and power; and its acquisition is one of the most remarkable chapters in our whole history. Neither let us forget that if we have committed both crimes and blunders there, our Government may yet defend itself on the grounds which alone make conquest respectable. We have not done all we ought to have done; but we have familiarised the natives with a security of property, a fairness of judicial decision, a fidelity in keeping word and bond, and an absence at least of certain oriental miseries inevitable in a country long exposed to every invader, such as was unknown in India before our rule. This revolt argues something rotten in our more modern system, and having insisted on this from the first, we shall not shrink from saying so now. But do not let us hesitate to assert our right to govern the country on which we have bestowed so many wise governing men, which is ours by the right of the strong hand and the strong brain, and which must be kept even by terrible processes, if such are necessary.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

WHEN the Emperor of the French entered Paris last week, he dismissed a detachment of dragoons provided as an escort, and rode through the streets in an open carriage, attended only by outriders and grooms. He left immediately for St. Cloud, whence he returned on Sunday evening to give an audience of ceremony to the new Spanish Ambassador, the Duke de Rivas. After the reception, his Majesty again took a drive in the streets without escort.

The Emperor and Empress took their departure for Osborne on the evening of the 5th.

The trial of the three Italians charged with complicity in the plot against the life of the Emperor was fixed for Thursday. The prisoners were brought last week before the President of the Court of Assizes, and were asked if they had chosen counsel for their defence. As they had taken no such step, the Court appointed counsel to attend to their interests. According to the indictment, Campanella and Massarenti were employed by Mazzini to find men who would undertake to assassinate the Emperor. Grillo, Tibaldi, and Bartolotti were found. Bartolotti has confessed that he had interviews with Mazzini, in London, when it was arranged that he was to watch and report the Emperor's movements. Ledru Rollin was present at one of these interviews. Grillo says, however, that the order was to assassinate the Emperor; and to prove this, mentioned the spot where he had concealed two poisons, given him by Tibaldi, one for himself and one for Bartolotti. Tibaldi denies all complicity. The prosecutors say they have letters from Mazzini to the conspirators, evidently referring to the intended assassination.

The King of Wurtemberg arrived in Paris on a visit to the Court, on Friday week; on Sunday morning he left for Biarritz.

Alif Bey, grand chamberlain of the Ottoman Empire, has arrived in Paris. The Prince Napoleon arrived at the Palais Royal on Friday week, from his visit to Great Britain.

Eugene Sue died on Monday morning at six o'clock.

SPAIN.

THE mediation of France and England in the Mexican dispute, is said to have been accepted in no very courteous terms.

A Madrid letter, received in Paris, gives the unexpected news that, on the occasion of the Queen's *anacronismo*, Queen Christina will return in triumph to Madrid.

At Talyer, on the 15th, a fire broke out and did considerable damage. The civil governor, thinking it was wilfully caused, had twelve persons arrested, and after a conference with the captain-general, the latter declared the town in a state of siege, and established a court-martial for the trial of offenders.

AUSTRIA.

THE Railway from Ljubach to Trieste was opened with great solemnity on the 27th ult., by the Emperor of Austria in person. This completes the line between Vienna and Trieste.

Baron Bruck (Minister of Finance), at a banquet given at the inauguration of the Trieste Railway, in proposing a toast, observed: "We cannot allow this occasion to pass away without expressing our hearty wishes for the realisation of the grand idea of cutting through the Isthmus of Suez. The opposition of a single government will not check the grand conception. We live in an epoch of fraternity among nations, and the wishes of Austria, and particularly of Trieste, are that the enterprise of M. de Lesseps may succeed."

ITALY.

MAZZINI has published in the "Italia del Popolo," an explanation of the part taken by him and his adherents in the late movements in Italy. He denies that there was any intention to pillage or destroy public edifices. He adds that at Genoa the movement was not directed against the Piedmontese government, but that it was intended to turn the means of action which Genoa possesses to account, and to draw Piedmont into a revolutionary war. Mazzini concludes by declaring that he will not rest until he has attained his object.

The guard at the Ducal Palace at Genoa was again reinforced on the 29th of July by 100 additional soldiers. Nobody could tell the cause, but it was believed that these precautions were adopted in consequence of anonymous letters received by the police.

It is confidently said that the recent events in Italy will have the effect of causing an almost immediate reconciliation between Sarajina and Austria, and the resumption of diplomatic relations between Naples and France.

The Neapolitan Government has authorised the establishment of two lines of submarine telegraph, uniting Sicily to Malta and Turin. A decree pronounces the reform of the postal system. An *amende* has taken place at Ischia on the subject of the *otroci*. A body of 2,000 peasants invaded the municipality with cries of "Long live the King!" The authorities very soon restored order, and the ringleaders were arrested.

A solemn funeral service was celebrated in the cathedral at Turin on the 29th ult., being the eighth anniversary of the death of Charles Albert. The ministers, senators, deputies, and all the authorities of Turin, besides a numerous congregation, were present at the ceremony.

The Pope is expected at Rome on the 5th of September, and the monument of the Immaculate Conception is to be inaugurated on the 8th of the same month.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

M. DE THOUVENEL, the French Ambassador, received orders to break off diplomatic relations with the Porte if the Moldavian elections were not declared null and void, a course which was opposed to the opinions of England, Austria, and the Turkish Government itself, but backed by Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia. M. Thouvenel accordingly suspended relations with the Porte, and prepared to leave Constantinople. To prevent that step the Sultan changed his Ministers. Mustapha Pacha (of Crete) is appointed Grand Vizier; Asit Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Redschid Pacha (ex Grand Vizier), President of the Tazimat; Kiamil Pacha (of Jedda), Seraskier.

A note signed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and M. Thouvenel demands—1. That the Porte shall decree the banishment of the judges who condemned the Jew lately executed at Tunis.—2. That the tanzimat shall be proclaimed at Tunis.—3. That an indemnity shall be granted to the family of the victim.

PERSIA.

THE "Pays" states that Mr. Murray, the English Minister, arrived at Tehran on June 7, and was received with the honours previously agreed upon. It was said that Mr. Murray, after resigning his legation, would leave for England *en congé*.

AMERICA.

KANSAS is again occupying a prominent position. On the 16th ult., a serious insurrection broke out at Lawrence. Troops were called out to suppress the movement, which grew out of the fact that a committee of citizens of Lawrence had prepared a city charter differing materially from that granted by the territorial Legislature, and the design of the said committee to supersede the old charter with the new instrument. This action, which was in effect a nullification of the law, was regarded by Governor Walker as treasonable, and he forthwith made arrangements to repress the movement. On the 17th he encamped outside Lawrence with eight companies of dragoons. The citizens had, up to our last accounts, resolved to resist, and a collision was deemed inevitable.

The "New York Herald" states that Mr. Barely would be re-appointed Consul at New York, and congratulate the city thereupon.

Lord Napier has made another popular speech. On this occasion the opportunity was afforded by the triennial festival of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Honduras advises report that the treaty with Great Britain guaranteeing the railroad is ratified, while the convention for ceding the Bay Islands to Honduras, and terminating the Mosquito protectorate, was still in the hands of the legislative committee.

Mexico is to pay to England 240,000 dol., within four months, of the sum stolen from the English consul's house, at San Luis Potosi.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

AFFAIRS AT DELHI.

DELHI was still in the possession of the insurgents, according to the latest authenticated accounts, which were to the 16th of June. General Sir Harry Barnard was waiting for reinforcements. Rumours of the capture of the city had indeed been communicated on two occasions to the Bombay Government by Colonel Durand, their agent at Ludhiana. The "Bombay Telegraph" reports the fall of the city, and the passengers by the *Colombo*, which arrived at Southampton on Monday, universally express their belief that the report was well founded. They state that Bazar intelligence on the subject of the revolt (which is a bad sign, because it shows complicity between the natives in India and the mutineers), and that according to Bazar intelligence, Delhi had fallen. A letter from Aboe, of June 19, says: "We have just received intelligence of a breach having been made in the wall of Delhi, and the rebels panic-stricken." Still these rumours need confirmation. There are another, that the King of Delhi had taken poison, because he could not agree with the mutineers. Another report declares that he has been hanged by the rebels.

The accounts of the operations of General Barnard's force are extremely imperfect; but of the disfigurement of the Delhi mutineers by the General on the 5th of June, we have received such details as a hasty despatch, written after the action to the Commander-in-Chief, can afford. Marching from Aboe at one in the morning, the General found the enemy entrenched in a strong position, or line of positions, covering Delhi. By nine o'clock he had carried the whole of them in the face of a stubborn resistance, and had driven the mutineers within the walls of the city, upon which he was intending to open with his heavy artillery without a moment's delay. On the following day (the 9th), as we learn by a notification issued from the Judicial Commissioner's office at Lahore, a sortie of the mutineers took place. They were attacked by the cavalry of the Guides, which had joined the army, and driven back to the walls by a brilliant and successful charge, in which, however, the commandant, Quintin Batte, fell mortally wounded. On the 13th or 14th, a second sortie was made from the city, in which the mutineers lost 600, late of the Umballah garrison, took a leading part. Like that of the 9th, it was repulsed with severe loss, and on this, as on the former occasion, the gallantry and conduct of the corps of Guides was eminent. In the enemy's camp was found a European actually lying the guns! He was literally cut to pieces by the enraged soldiery. It was suspected that there were others in the city.

THE DELHI MASSACRES.

The atrocities committed by the Delhi insurgents appear to have been almost unexampled. One officer in the camp before the walls writes as follows:—"On the 2nd (June) we marched from Paniput to Bareilly. At this place some of the poor fugitives from Delhi met with the most barbarous treatment. We burnt four villages on the road and hung seven Lumberdars. One of these wretches had part of a lady's dress for his kumbarbund—he had seized a lady from Delhi, stripped her, violated, and then murdered her in the most cruel manner, first cutting off her breasts. He said he was sorry he had not an opportunity of doing more than he had done. Another lady, who had hid herself under a bridge, was treated in the same manner, then hacked to pieces, and her mangled remains thrown out on the plain. We found a pair of boots, evidently those of a girl six or seven years of age, with the feet in the soles. They had been cut off just above the ankle. We hung many other villains, and burnt the villages as we came along. A man who witnessed the last massacre in Delhi, where he had gone as a spy, gives a horrid account of it, stating that little children were thrown up in the air and caught on the points of bayonets, or cut as they were falling with tulwars."

Another letter has the following almost incredible passage:—"All the Beresfords—father, mother, and six babies—were murdered, they say, by panes of glass, to cut their throats by way of torture." The Mr. Beresford here alluded to is the gentleman to whom our readers are indebted for the photographic views of Delhi published in our last number. He was the manager of the bank.

The passengers by the *Colombo* also give some frightful details of atrocities committed by the mutineers. In Delhi six European ladies had taken refuge in a room; one of them, very young and beautiful, concealed herself under a sofa. The other five were subjected to outrage by the mutinous soldiery, and then beheaded. The blood trickled under the sofa, and the young woman concealed there betrayed herself by uttering a shriek. She was seized, and (it is said) taken to the harem of the King of Delhi.

NATIVE REPORT OF THE DELHI ATROCITIES.

The following statement, relating to the Delhi massacres, and derived from native sources, will be found interesting. Three men were sent a few months ago to accompany a professor of music to Delhi. They left Delhi on the 26th of May, and were in the city a month before the outbreak took place. Their report of the affair is communicated by Mr. Farrington, deputy-commissioner at Jullundur, and we give it in that gentleman's language—

"First only five troopers came into Delhi from Meerut. They first went to the house of (name not clear, so I omit it) an agent of the King of Delhi, near the Delhi gate inside the town. He came out and said he was in the service of the King. They would not listen to him, but cut him down, and then murdered his wife and family, and told the people to plunder the house. They then went to the house in Darya Ganj. Peer Bukeh, one of the dependants, saw the troopers go to a pink coloured house; the owner was a European; they killed him, and plundered and burnt the house. They plundered and burnt all the houses in this suburb, which is chiefly inhabited by clerks, and murdered all who could not escape."

"By this time other troopers and infantry and townspeople joined in the work of destruction. A number of the fugitives took refuge in a building near the mosque of Aurangzeb's daughter, an Afghan to defend it against the insurgents. These were hanged at bay. They left people all round, and the main body went off to the Bank. There they were joined by more mutineers. They plundered and murdered wherever they found Europeans. The townspeople assisted warmly in the plunder, and the mutineers of the infantry were particularly active. The commissioner, Mr. Fraser, on hearing of the advent of the mutineers, had gone down to cut away the bridge, but was too late. On returning he met the mutineers at this place. The mutineers said to the commissioner's escort, 'Are you on the side of the Europeans or on that of religion?' They said the latter. The commissioner, on hearing this, drove off in his buggy. His escort remained passive. The mutineers followed and cut down the gentleman. He fired one pistol. The mutineers killed people on the road, but being more intent on the magazine, they went to it. After arranging matters for surrounding the place, the insurgents and mutineers proceeded to the jail. One of the sentries shot a man, but when they said they were fighting for religion the guard joined them, and 500 convicts were released. They then closed all the gates and went into the fort. They paid their respects to the King; he made objections, and said he had no army; he at last consented."

"On the second day they went to the magazine, where many Europeans had taken refuge. After a long firing on both sides, the natives, such as Lohore, would do nothing; they had themselves, the Europeans alone carried on the de-

fence; but, seeing they could do nothing against so many, they blew up the wall towards the river, some 200 of the rebels or more were destroyed by this. They however got in and destroyed seventy Europeans as they ran, and plundered weapons, &c., leaving only guns and powder. The native infantry regiments were present. They searched, and everywhere they could find Europeans they slew them. On the third day they went back to the house near the mosque, where a Mr. European was taken refuge. As they were without water, &c., he offered them tea, they called for a European dependant was present and five others and asked them to take their oath that they would give them water and food, and then they went to the King; he might kill them if he liked. On this oath the Europeans came out, the mutineers placed water before them, and said, 'Lay down your arms, and then you get water.' They gave over two guns, all they had. The mutineers gave no water. They gave eleven children, among them a tanka, eight ladies, and eight gentlemen. They took them to the cattle sheds. One lady, who seemed more well-to-do than the rest, observed that they were not taking them to the Palace; they replied they were taking them to Darya Ganj. Dependants says that he saw all this, and saw them placed in a row and shot. One woman entreated them to give her child water, though they might kill her. A sepoy took her child and dashed it on the ground; the people looked on in dismay, and feared for Delhi."

"The King's people took some thirty-five Europeans to the Palace, on the fifth day they tied them to a tree, and shot them. They burnt their houses."

"On the fifth day notice was given that a young European named him that he would be destroyed. People discussed many, and sent them off, but many were killed that day, mostly by people of the city."

"Matters remained pretty quiet for ten days. The Darya Ganj Bazar was turned into an encampment for the mutineers. Some were posted in the Chander Chok and Darya Ganj Bazar. The shops were shut for five days. The King went through the city, and told the people to close the shops. At each gate there is a company of native infantry. About 9,000 mutineers are assembled. No cavalry have joined, excepting from Meerut. Some 4,000 or 5,000 horsemen have been raised, but they are a rabble. During the festival of Eid, while at prayers there was the dust of a half a dozen animals. An alarm arose—it was the English army; the people rushed better scared into town. The King refused to go on the throne. The mutineers said that a mutineer massacre had taken place up to Peshawar and down to Cutch. He agreed and commenced to give orders. He appointed the following officers—Hasseem, Nussurrah, Mathab Ali, and one other belonging to the mutineers, but dependants knows not his name. His new levies received four or five days' guns are placed on the ramparts of the town. These are pronounced strong. The Sepoys and Muzers are mounting guns in Seemhar. The mutineers say when the army approaches they will fight, and that the native troops with the army are sure to join them. Many mutineers who tried to get away with plunder were killed; this has prevented many others from leaving."

"A full force consisted no less than five Europeans; the dependant thinks many more are concealed."

"The man, says Mr. Farrington, alluding to the spokesman of the party, speaks frankly and without fear. He is able to narrate almost any story of a horror, but I did not wish to hear any. He seemed really to recall with dismay what he had witnessed."

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE MUTINY.

The catalogue of mutinies and secessions is largely increased. Two or three weeks since, we heard that some twenty-eight regiments of regular infantry had ceased to carry arms or the Company. We now count forty-one. In Rohilkhand probably all the four regiments are gone; certainly the two at Bareilly, with the 8th Irregular Cavalry and a company of Native Foot Artillery. Most of the officers have escaped, it is believed; but the Brigadier Smith is said to have fallen, and some civilians are missing. Cawnpore, we hear, has been saved by the arrival of the 8th and of the 64th, the latter from Bombay. But the 12th Native Infantry has mutinied in Bundelkhand; and at Allahabad the 6th Native Infantry, which had been bound in its protestations of loyalty, and on its desire to be led against Delhi, rose and murdered Captain Burt, the Fort Adjutant, and all the Europeans they could lay hands upon. The next took refuge in the fort, where they are still at least for the time—the mutineers having marched for Delhi. At Benares, the 37th Native Infantry mutinied on an attempt being made to disarm them. Joined by the 13th Irregular Cavalry and the 8th Regiment of Light Infantry, they killed Captain Guse, of the Cavalry, and attained the guns of the European company of artillery, but were repulsed by a discharge of grape, and by the resolute attitude of a handful of the Queen's 13th and of the Madras Fusiliers. At Azimghur the 19th Native Infantry shot their adjutant, Lieutenant Hurdson. At Gwalior the 65th has been disbanded. At Jaunpore the detachment of the 14th Indian Regiment followed the example of the head-quarters at Benares, killed Mr. Cupping, the civilian, and badly wounded Lieut. Mura, their commanding officer. All this in the Benares district. At Rohner, Major Macdonald, Sir Norman Leslie, and Dr. Grant, three officers of the 5th Irregular Cavalry, were attacked one evening when sitting in the verandah of the Major's house. Sir Norman was killed on the spot—clef from the shoulder to the waist, it is said—and the other two severely wounded. The assassins, at first supposed to be disbanded sepoys, actually belonged to the 5th regiment, and were given up for execution by their comrades. The Barrackpore or Presidency division was so much agitated as to render it advisable to disarm all the troops at head-quarters, consisting of the 2nd, the remaining three companies of the 34th, the 43rd, and the loyal 70th, which the authorities, with the treachery of the 6th before their eyes, probably thought "doth protest too much." Our 78th Highlanders, so lately having Persian guns at Khooshab, and the companies of the 37th brought up from Ceylon, superintended the proceedings. At Calcutta the native militia was disarmed and volunteer corps raised. The King of Oude was arrested. 1,700 armed men were found about the residence of the King, although according to treaty he was not allowed one armed attendant.

Turning back to the north-west we pause for an instant in Oude to see the gallant and able Sir Henry Lawrence grimly busy in hanging the mutineers at Lucknow, with loaded field pieces and lighted port fires on either side of the scaffold, and to hope that there is no truth in the report that he has been forced to abandon the capital, and fall back upon Cawnpore. Pass rapidly through the Doab, noting how new has happened to detain us, though it will take an army from Allahabad or Cawnpore one of the days to restore it to tranquillity. Crossing the Sutlej, we find Jullundur deserted by its native forces, the 6th Light Cavalry, and the 36th and 61st Native Infantry; and Pailleur vacated by the 3rd. Throughout the Punjab the flying column, of which the nucleus and main strength are the 52d Light Infantry, has been doing its work well. No further outbreaks have taken place. Many mutineers have been hanged or blown from guns at Peshawar, Ferozepore, Ludhiana, and Multan. Near the first of these stations the 64th Native Infantry have been disbanded; at the last the 62nd, 69th, and a native Troop of Horse Artillery.

It remains to consider the position of the great tract of Central India to the southward and westward of Delhi, with its numerous independent chiefs. Approaching this district from the north, we first note that the contingent of the Jhind Rajah has been doing true and loyal service under the walls of Delhi. In his neighbourhood are the British stations of Hanu and Hissar. Here the Hurrinah Light Infantry battalion mutinied, killing, it is feared, Lieutenant Barwell, and other Europeans. The levies of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, to whom was committed the charge of keeping open the road between Delhi and Agra, proved faithless, and their officers, Captains Nixon and Munby, of the Bombay army, scarcely regained Bhurtpore with their lives. The Uwar Horse, it was feared, were equally false. The Kotah contingent was at the latest dates still loyal, posted between Agra and Muttra with two guns. Of the united Malwa Contingent the cavalry regiment had gone. Despatched from Mahipore to follow up and attack the Neemuch mutineers, itself mutinied, slew its officers—Braden and Hunt—and, returning to camp, endeavoured, but in vain, to induce the infantry and artillery to follow their example. The other wing stationed at Indore abandoned their quarters, but without committing any act of violence. Ager was safe, garrisoned partly by the flying Bombay column from Dehra, partly by the Maharwarra battalions. The deserted station of Nussurabad has been re-occupied by the Bombay Lancers. But what is Scindia doing? We knew that the 7th Infantry Regiment of his contingent mutinied at Neemuch; and we have reason to believe that both at Sepeh and at Ager the regiments of the contingent have risen. Indeed, it is feared that the whole of the contingent (which consists of four companies of artillery, two regiments of cavalry, and seven of infantry) have turned against us, with the exception of three companies which garrison the isolated fort of Aseghur in this presidency. Then, what will Scindia do? Like his father before him, he is a sturdy little Malharata—young, active, and energetic. Such a man, with the command, moreover, of considerable resources, has the stuff in him to work as much good or ill. Indeed, the seat of his rival, Holkar, is perfectly tranquil, and is likely to remain so.

Now to quit the Bengal Presidency, and to turn to those of Madras and Bombay. The chief, perhaps the only, danger to be anticipated by the Government of Fort St. George is a rising in the Nizam's country. One element of that sovereign's contingent has shown itself disaffected, and been punished accordingly, but one only; and the Nizam himself, in all probability too much overawed by the powerful force encamped at Secunderabad, close to his capital, to entertain a thought of revolt. At Kanpur, in Nagpore, a regiment of the newly-raised contingent showed unpleasant symptoms, but the regular Madras troops were there, and were, it was thought, thoroughly to be depended upon. The want of sympathy between the Bengal and the Madras armies amounts to positive hatred. The army of Bombay was also staunch; indeed, from its position in regard to the disturbed provinces, it is able to give something more than a mere passive display of loyalty. Not only have Lord Ephinstone and his councillors felt anxious to despatch to Calcutta two out of the four English regiments of the Bombay establishment, but on three several points in Central India and the Punjab, Bombay columns, each comprising a portion of regular troops, have marched, and with the best effect. The 1st Fusiliers and the 1st Belooch battalion proceeded up the Indus from Kurrahee to Multan—portions of the Queen's 83rd and the 12th Native Infantry, with three Horse Artillery guns, have reached Ajmere from Deesa—and General Woodburn's column from Poonah was advancing upon Mhow. When General Woodburn, with his dragoons, 25th Native Infantry, and Artillery, had reached Ahmednager, he heard that the 1st Cavalry of the Hyderabad Contingent, which had succeeded the 3rd at Aurangabad, was in a state of mutiny. He therefore took his troops straight on to Aurangabad, attacked the mutinous part of the regiment, some 150 in number, dispersed them, and captured about 60. The ringleader, a noted native officer, was hanged at once.

There have been some little alarms in Bombay and in Poonah, as elsewhere, but no outbreak has taken place, and the fidelity of the troops was not doubted. At Poonah, the station was paroled nightly by parties of the 14th and 12th Lighters. At Satara, a man employed as a peon or passante in Government employ, was apprehended and handed over to the authorities by a party of the 22nd Native Infantry, with whose fidelity he was endeavouring to tamper. He was hanged, "game" to the 1st, and uttering passionate bursts of disaffection. A troop of the 14th and a company or two of the 3rd Europeans went down from Poonah to aid the 22nd in case of a rising in this important, and so lately independent, Maharashtra.

An address, signed by nearly 400 of the principal inhabitants of Bombay, including natives of all castes—Parsee, Hindoo, Mussulman, Mogul, Jew, Portuguese, and Arab—has been presented to the Right Hon. Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, assuring his Lordship of their unchangeable loyalty, and placing their services at the disposal of the Government.

The following are the stations at which the troops have broken out into open violence up to the date of our advices:—Meerut, Delhi, Ferozepore, Allypore, Roorkie, Mooltan, Lucknow, Nussereabad, Neemuch, Baresilly, Hana, Hissar, Hanoor, Melundore, Jullundur, Azimghur, Fathelghur, Jampur, Bareilly, and Shajhpore. We have indicated by an asterisk those stations at which the women and children of our countrymen have been massacred.

THE OUTBREAK IN BENARES.

Some of the more important events touched upon in the above narrative we now proceed to notice in detail. And first of the outbreak in Benares.

At five o'clock on the evening of the 4th of June, the brigade was ordered out for the purpose of disarming the 37th Regiment, who were known to be disaffected and in correspondence with people in the city. The men were ordered to appear on parade without their arms. Some companies obeyed and did so, but others refused to give up their arms and commenced firing at their officers. This appeared to be the signal, for the rest of the regiment then ran to the bells of arms. The guns, however, began to point in the grape so shortly upon them that they were glad to beat a retreat. Only a few of the most determined rebels still kept up a fire from the right wing at the officers. The Sikh Regiment all this time remained quiet on parade, passive spectators of the scene; but at this crisis they loaded by order of Colonel Gordon. An ominous change then came over them. The cavalry first turned, and then with the Sikhs poured in a deliberate volley on the officers standing around, three of whom fell. The artillery in return gave them a shower of grape, which sent them flying off the parade.

About 100 of the mutineers were killed, and 200 wounded; the rest ran, throwing down their arms. The mutineers of the Sikh regiment tried to capture the guns, and were thrice repulsed with great loss. Only a few men of the irregular cavalry and Sikh regiment stood firm; all the rest mutinied; their discipline was complete, thanks to the bravery of 150 European soldiers, who detested the guns, and charged and shot down the mutineers. Eight only of these brave soldiers were killed and wounded. The lives of the civilians and their families, who had taken refuge in the collector's Kutchery, were saved by the presence and noble exertions of Sooraj Singh, a Sikh prisoner. He it was who went among the Sikhs of the treasury guard, and prevented them from rising after they had heard how the men of their corps had been cut up, and by his influence they were kept at their post until the next morning, when the treasure was removed to cantonments under an escort of Europeans. The portion of the Sikh corps over the treasury remained staunch.

THE LUCKNOW OUTBREAK.

The most important of the risings, the details of which have been hitherto imperfectly known, was that of Lucknow. It took place on the 30th of June, and is circumstantially described in the following official report:—

"Every day of the week the Chief Commissioner, Sir H. Lawrence, had been informed that the regiments were certainly rising at night, between eight and nine o'clock, and as often the boats passed over without the slightest disturbance. When, therefore, the boats were so quiet, the Chief Commissioner on Saturday, the 30th of May, he did not attach extraordinary importance to it, and only took the ordinary precaution of doubling the sentries and directing every effort to be on the look out. Nine o'clock struck, and the Chief Commissioner was in the act of remarking that the mutiny had proved itself unfounded as its predecessors, when shots were heard in the 71st Native Infantry Lines. The Chief Commissioner immediately mounted his horse, and proceeded to the encampment of the 32nd Queen's, and then moved up to the corner of the Lucknow road with two guns and a company of Europeans, to prevent the mutineers from coming down to the city. The remaining six guns remained in position at the encamping-ground, guarded by Europeans. Bungalows now began to blaze, and the firing to become hotter, when General Hayscombe was killed by a shot from the 71st lines, up to which he had ridden quite close, in the hopes that his presence and speech might have the effect of bringing the mutineers to reason. Lieutenant Grant was killed at his picket—the mutineers ran at his men, some of whom turned and fled—a shot from the mutineers then wounded poor Grant, and the subadar of the guard concealed him under his charpoy. The mutineers then came up, and were told that the sahib had got away—they were not, however, to be deceived, and at last a bhsidar on the guard, belonging to Grant's own regiment, pointed him out to the mutineers, when he was bayoneted and brutally murdered. The cantonment soon became one blaze of fire, and it was not deemed prudent to move the guns for fear of the mutineers finding their way into the city; the only means of checking them was by sending detachments of irregular cavalry through the lines. Sharp firing took place frequently between the sowars and the mutineers, without much effect, however, upon either side. Lieutenant Hardinge distinguished himself greatly in these skirmishes, in one of which a mutineer fired at him within a yard, and, missing him, charged him with his bayonet, which went through his wrist and entered his chest, where its further progress was stopped by a bullet from Hardinge into the stomach of his assailant, which sickened him of the contest. Lieutenant Chambers, adjutant of the 15th, had a narrow escape, and was wounded in the leg.

"The state of affairs lasted until two o'clock in the morning, when the fires began to abate, and two guns were moved up to each of the Residency gates, which were guarded by a bhsidar's guard from the 15th, and some sowars had escaped confinement. At four a.m. the rebels had reached the 7th Cavalry lines at Meerut, where they set on fire, and then returned to cantonments, where Sir Henry had prepared to meet them. Leaving a company of Europeans, six guns, and a squadron of Irregulars on the encamping ground, he marched towards them with two guns, the Europeans some 200 in number, the 7th Light Cavalry, and a handful of each of the Irregular Cavalry regiments, Daly's, Gail's, and Hardinge's. His force as he came along the native lines was increased by men from the 71st, 13th, and 48th Regiments, who had not joined the insurgents, and who in all to about 500 men. The 7th Light Cavalry were sent on in advance, but on hearing the rebels some went over to them. The insurgents then retreated, and by the time the Artillery had debouched from the lines

they were a thousand yards off, so that they could be only dealt with by round shot. One was sent at them, when they immediately turned and fled, followed as quickly as possible by the artillery and the Europeans. On reaching Meerut, the force came across the body of poor young Cornet Rastie, of the 7th Cavalry, who had only joined the regiment a day or two before, and who being too much to be left behind when the regiment was ordered to cantonments. He was lying on his face with the back of his skull blown away, so that his death must have been instantaneous. The artillery and the Europeans halted beyond Meerut, but the rebels were chased by the cavalry as far as Buxarow, some five miles off, and there scattered in all directions. Only two or three mutineers were killed, but six were taken prisoners. Sir Henry Lawrence fully intended to follow them up again, but it was reported on excellent authority, that an insurrection would certainly take place that night in the city, and his force was too small to enable him to do both—follow the mutineers and take the necessary precautions for the defence of the city.

"Leaving therefore, 200 Europeans and four guns in the cantonments, he moved the remainder of the force to the Murchy Bhowan and to the Residency, together with two guns to each fortification. A good deal of firing took place in the course of the following day between the city badmashies and the police, in which the latter had by far the best of it. After eight o'clock all was quiet, the insurgents probably being awed by the additional force thrown into the city, and by the gallantry displayed by the police. The kotwal has been made a bahadur, and a reward of 1,000 rupees and a sword given to him, and 5,000 rupees have been distributed amongst the police, who so nobly distinguished themselves by their courageous conduct. The murderer of Lieutenant Grant and a spy lately caught in the lines of the 13th Infantry were hanged on June 1, and six more mutineers suffered the same penalty on the morning of the 2nd."

During the following days Sir H. Lawrence was occupied evening and morning in the execution of mutineers. A gallows had been erected outside the fort, and a couple of guns, loaded with grape, aimed the people round the scaffold. Martial law was proclaimed, the King's brother detained as prisoner, and quiet energetically enforced. But in the meanwhile the mutineers of the 13th, 48th, 71st, and 7th Cavalry had marched towards Delhi, and were joined in mutiny by the troops at Seetapore—two regiments of Oude Infantry, the 41st Native Infantry, and a wing of the 15th Irregular Cavalry, the regiments at Mooradabad and Bareilly, the 18th, 68th, and 29th Native Infantry, and the 28th Native Infantry at Shahjehanpore.

Two squadrons of Cavalry, detached from Lucknow to Mynpoorie, under Captain Hayes, marked themselves by a cowardly massacre of their officers as rivalled that at Meerut. These two hundred men had been sent out to keep the road between Mynpoorie and Allypore, under the command of four officers, whom they treacherously and murderously turned upon after marching eleven miles. Three of the four officers were killed, viz., Captain Fletcher Hayes, military secretary to the chief commissioner in Oude; Lieutenant G. D. Barrow, adjutant of the 2nd Oude Cavalry; and Fayer, assistant-surgeon. The latter was first despatched, a sower having, with one blow of his tulwar, cut off his head as he stooped to drink at a well. The one surviving officer did not regularly belong to the party, but had volunteered to accompany it. He had a narrow escape. He was within eight yards of Captain Hayes when the latter was suddenly cut down from his saddle by one of the native officers. He was closely and hotly pursued for several miles by the mutinous sowars, and it would appear that he owes his life to his good mare, and to his being able to ride her over a still fence, which placed a barrier between him and most of the bloodthirsty hounds that were in chase of him. Subsequently he mounted Captain Hayes's Arab charger, which had kept him close company in his flight, and which placed him in safety when his own mare from fatigue could carry him no further.

THE MUTINY AT FERROZPORE.

On the 13th of June it became known that the 45th and 57th Native Infantry were ripe for a mutiny. Later in the afternoon it broke out. The mutineers, to the extent of some 300, got into the magazine, and made for the ordnance stores; they were, however, repulsed by five files of her Majesty's 61st, who poured a volley into them. The mutineers then retreated over the walls, and while doing so were assailed by the Europeans with the bullets of their muskets. The Europeans of the garrison were now reinforced by two more companies of her Majesty's 61st, and two guns, under the command of Lieutenant Angelo. The company of the 7th Native Infantry in the magazine showing signs of disaffection by having loaded their muskets, Lieutenant Angelo had his two guns charged with grape-shot, and turned their muzzles upon the company, who were immediately disarmed by her Majesty's 61st, and marched out. At night some 200 of the mutineers returned to the cantonment, and in gangs of ten and twenty took lighted torches and set fire to the church, chapel, two vacant hospitals, her Majesty's 61st mess-house, and several bungalows. The next day the 57th Native Infantry were disarmed, and mutineers of the 45th, to the number of 200, sent in the colours of their regiment, and surrendered their arms and themselves. All became tranquil again.

REBELLION "STAMPED OUT" AT PESHAWAR.

At Peshawar it was discovered that three native infantry regiments, and one of cavalry, were to rise and massacre the Europeans. They were accordingly disarmed, and when afterwards they began to desert, and to raise seditious cries in the city and neighbourhood, they were overtaken and brought back, and 13 or 14 hung, *pour encourager les autres*. Guns were kept constantly pointed towards their lines, with bodies of Europeans ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and a station flooded with a host of spies brought up from Mooltan. "One of them offered to polish off all the sepoy at 6d. (four annas) a-head." Confidence was at once restored. A force of Europeans with guns was sent round the forts, one of which, Meeran, was held by the 55th Native Infantry in open mutiny; they tried to escape when our force appeared, and some got off; the others were made prisoners, 150 were killed on the spot, 9 tried by drum and court-martial, and instantly shot, including a native officer of a regiment not in mutiny, who would not act as he was ordered. Others were driven into the hills and killed by the hillmen, a price of 10 rupees being set on their heads. The colonel of this regiment blew out his brains in disgust at the mutiny. The mutineers kept their officers in confinement, and to a demerit that if they tried to escape they would roast them alive. They did, however, manage to escape. The European force then disarmed all the other regiments in the forts, and quieted the district. Some of the 200 prisoners of the 55th were tried; "and," says a correspondent, "we blew 40 of the away from our guns in the presence of the whole force three days ago, a fearful but necessary example, which has struck terror into their souls. Three sides of a square were formed, 10 guns pointed outwards, the sentence of the court was read, a prisoner bound to each gun, the signal given, and the salvo fired. Such a scene I hope never again to witness—human trunks, heads, legs, arms, &c., lying about in all directions. All met their fate with firmness but two, who would not be tied up; so to save time they were dropped to the ground and their brains blown out by musketry. Trials are going on, and the mutineers will never forget the lesson taught at Peshawar."

THE MUTINY AT ALLAHABAD.

At Allahabad, the mutiny broke out on the 4th of June, when the "Joyal" 6th Regiment, which had volunteered to proceed to Delhi against the rebels only a few days before, became the assassins of their own officers, and then marched off to join the mutineers, after burning the church and every bungalow in the place, and looting (robbing) the treasury. The whole number slaughtered amounted to twenty-six.

The Irregular Cavalry and Ferozepore regiment are said to have remained loyal, and the fort being garrisoned by a few English troops, is considered safe. Not a European, however, remained outside the walls.

THE REVOLT AT AZIMGHUR.

On the night of the 3rd of June, the 17th Native Infantry, stationed at Azimghur, mutinied. An escort of eighty sowars of the 13th Irregular Cavalry brought in on that date seven and a half lakhs of treasure from Gorakhpore; it was determined to continue its route to Benares, where the presence of some companies of the 10th Queen's would secure it to the Government. Some days previously, the authorities, military and civil, had been occupied in throwing up a breastwork round the kutchery. This, however, was not quickly completed. The escort and treasure moved about 6 p.m. At 9 p.m. all the men in the lines some distance from the kutchery broke out, killed their quartermaster, and wounded the quartermaster-sergeant so severely that he could not live, slightly wounded the bhsidar-major and killed the kotwal of the city. The officer on guard at the fort at the kutchery, hearing the shots, and having a guard of picked and trusty men, as he thought, turned them out, and desired the golandazes to

make the guns ready for business. They refused this, told him they would not fire or allow the guns to be fired on the regiment, and that all the officers and ladies would be smothered; that they wanted the guns to get at the treasure, now some two hours and a half march ahead. It does not appear that any other persons were murdered, though some bungalows were set on fire. About twenty-seven persons afterwards reached Ghazepore in a terrible plight, after having to lead over forty-one miles of road. Some men of the same regiment escorted Major Burroughes, the officer in command, to Ghazepore. What became of the treasure was unknown. Guns were heard during the night of the 3rd in the direction which the escort had taken; but the troopers had promised the sepoy to cut them to pieces if they came to seize the boxes, and they were to be joined by a reinforcement of fifty more from the same regiment from the Benares side.

It is clear that the cartridge question had nothing to do with the mutiny of this regiment. The men were possessed with the desire for plunder.

MURDERS OF EUROPEANS AT GWALIOR.

At Jhansi, near Gwalior, on the Bombay side, the left wing of the 12th native infantry, a detachment of native foot artillery, and the 14th Irregulars, rose and murdered all the Christians; but four escaped to Agra. The women and children had taken refuge in the fort; they were, however, overpowered and sacrificed by the assassins. Mr. Rukes, one of the judges of the Sudder Adawlat, with much exertion raised a non-military party of some sixty Europeans, mounted; with these he hastened to the aid of some ladies who had collected at Etawah, and returned with them all safe.

At Gwalior, says a correspondent, the contingent has mutined, and as this consists of seven regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and five companies of artillery, the detection of this army is most serious. The Maharajah protected the women and the officers, who all arrived safely at Agra. The soldiery demanded that they should be given up, but the Prince firmly refused.

ALARM AT HYDERABAD.

The tide of revolt has reached the city of Hyderabad. Placards were posted all over the city on the 12th of June, signed by certain Moulvies, calling upon the faithful to enrol themselves, and murder the Feringhees; and at five in the evening three guns from the Horse Artillery, with a detachment of the Cavalry Contingent, went down to the Residency. Each regiment had a company under arms at their barracks at night, which, however, passed without any alarm. There was a grand display on the morning of the 15th; all the troops assembled for brigade exercise. The Resident was present, and on the conclusion of the parade he rode up to the 7th Cavalry, and told them it had been reported to him that in the event of a disturbance they had declared to join the city people. He added that he did not believe this report, but that he considered it his duty to inform them of what he had heard, and left them to settle the same with their officers. A fakcer from Bowenpilly had been apprehended and heavily ironed.

THE MUTINY AT NUSSEREABAD.

At Nussereabad the mutiny broke out on the afternoon of the 26th of May, commencing with the 8th and light companies of the 15th, who seized the guns, and retained possession of them, though the cavalry made several charges. The cavalry lost two officers killed, and two wounded. The 30th soon joined in the mutiny. All the ladies escaped to Bawar. The mutineers, having expelled their officers and the English, proceeded towards Bhurtpore, and on the 9th of June were supposed to be about three stages from Bhurtpore, having abandoned the guns two or three days previously.

THE OUTRAGES AT BAREILLY.

The mutiny at Bareilly seems to have been a very tragic affair. Alithy bungalows were burnt to the ground, and we are in uncertainty, up to this time, of the fate of forty Europeans known to have been there, of whom nearly one-half were women and children.

ATROCITIES AT SHAHJAHANPORE.

The outbreak at Shahjehanpore was also characterised by circumstances, of peculiar atrocity. It is said to have occurred on the evening of Sunday, the 8th of June, during divine service, when the church was surrounded, and every man, woman, and child murdered, a detachment of the mutineers being told off to fire the cantonment and slay the people in the bungalows.

THE OUTBREAK AT CANNING.

Concerning the mutiny at Canning, we are in much uncertainty. Part of her Majesty's 10th Regiment and a battery of European Artillery were fortunately on the spot, and a repetition of the tragedies of Bareilly and Shahjehanpore prevented. There seems, however, to have been several days' fighting, but the mutineers were eventually driven out of the place. Many on our side are said to have fallen.

ALARM AT Dacca.

Letters from Dacca of June 16th state that great alarm prevails there in consequence of the expected rising of the rabble, and the misconduct of the sepoy of the 73rd Native Infantry, who refused to allow the artillery officer to take arms from the magazine for the defence of the city.

CONDITION OF CALCUTTA.

The defence of Calcutta has become a subject of great anxiety to the European inhabitants. The Government have consented to the enrolment of a corps of volunteers, horse and foot, who patrol the streets, and mount guard at different points at night; the vigilance of the volunteers has inspired general confidence. The inhabitants, however, still keep themselves armed, and the public buildings, hotels, and other principal places, are garrisoned by sailors belonging to ships in the river.

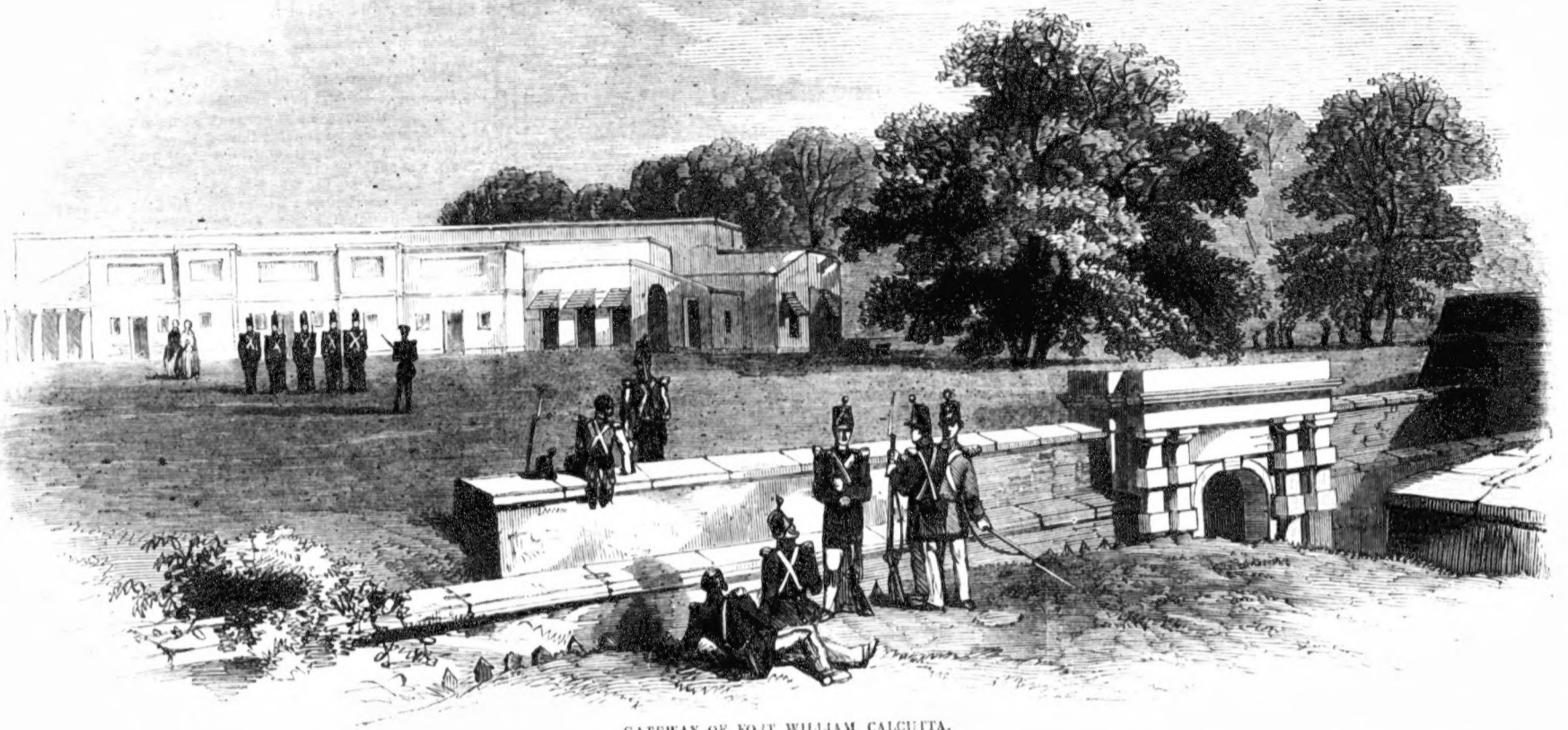
Majr General Harsley having reported that he had reason to apprehend a rising of the native troops at Barrackpore, the whole brigade were immediately disarmed, simultaneously with the entire native force in Calcutta. It is stated that the sepoy of the 70th Regiment at Barrackpore refused all food, so acutely did they feel the disgrace of having their arms taken from them; at the same time we hear that 120 men from that station went off on the following night.

When the sepoy regiments at Barrackpore were disarmed, their huts were also searched for arms, and a large number of tulwars taken away. The arms found in the huts were not, however, all tulwars; so some of them were of the most murderous description—as, for instance, swords with serrated blades, two-handed swords, battle-axes, poniards, yataghans, and weapons of various other description. A Calcutta journal says that there is a sufficient European force on the spot to quell any outbreak.

SEDITIONARY PROCLAMATION FROM DELHI.

The following proclamation from Delhi has been circulated in Calcutta:—

"Be it known to all the Hindoos and Mahometans, the subjects and servants on the part of the officers of the English forces stationed at Delhi and Meerut, that all the Europeans are united on this point—first, to deprive the army of their religion, and then by the force of strong measures to Christianise all the subjects. In fact it is the absolute orders of the Governor General to serve out cartridges made up with swine and beef fat; if there be 10,000 who resist this, to blow them up; if 50,000, to disband them. For this reason we have merely for the sake of the faith concerted with all the subjects, and have not left one infidel of this place alive, and have constituted the Emperor of Delhi upon this engagement, that whichever of the troops will slaughter all their European officers and pledge allegiance to him, shall always receive double salary. Hundreds of cannon and immense treasure have come to hand; it is therefore requisite that all who find it difficult to become Christians, and all subjects, will unite cordially with the army, take courage, and not leave the seed of these devils in any place. All the expenditure that may be incurred by the subjects in furnishing supplies to the army, they will take receipts for the same from the officers of the army, and retain them by themselves; they will receive double price from the Emperor. Whoever will at this time give way to pusillanimity, and allow himself to be overreached by these deceivers, and depend upon their word, will experience the fruits of their submission like the inhabitants of Lucknow. It is therefore necessary that all Hindoos and Mahometans should be of one mind in the struggle, and make arrangements for their preservation, with the advice of some creditable persons. Wherever the arrangement shall be good, and with whomsoever the subjects shall be pleased, those individuals shall be placed in high offices in those places. And to circulate copies of this day's proclamation in every place, as far as it may be possible, be not understood to be less than a stroke of the sword. That this proclamation be stuck up at a conspicuous place, in order that all Hindoos and Mahometans may become apprised and be prepared. If the Hindoos do not become mild, it is merely an expedient to save their lives. Whoever will be deluded by their frauds, he will perish. Our reign continues. Thirty rupees to a mounted, and ten rupees to a foot soldier, will be the salary of the new servants of Delhi."



GATEWAY OF FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.

THE ARREST OF THE KING OF OUDE.

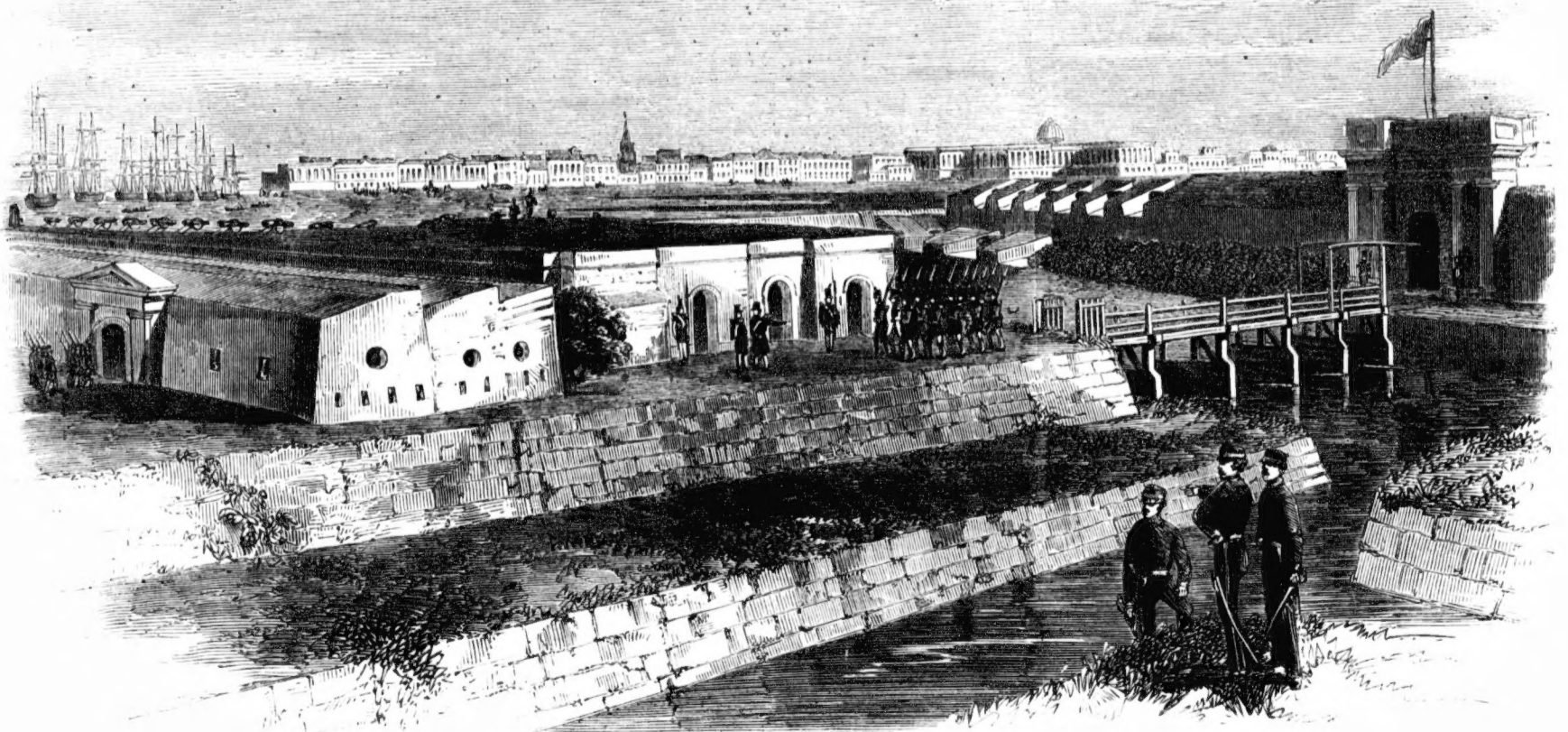
The arrest of the King of Oude at Calcutta is confirmed. It appears that a native who had been caught tampering with one of the sepoys in Fort William, was tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The prisoner is a Mahometan and a native of Lucknow, and we believe one of the retinue of the ex-King. He afterwards contrived to escape from his guard (Europeans). He was to have been hanged the day after his trial; but the execution of the sentence was postponed in consequence of revelations concerning the ex-King of Oude and his Minister, which resulted in the arrest of those persons. The King was charged with a plot to subvert the British sway in Bengal and Upper India, and restore the Mussulman dynasties. It is said that to the titular King of Delhi was to have been allotted the north-west territory; to the King of Oude Lower Bengal; to his brother the hereditary possessions of the family; and some provinces to the Nawab of Moorshedabad.

At three o'clock, A.M., on the day after the sepoy made his communication, the Hon. Company's steam-frigate *Semiramis* was taken up to the ex-King's residence, Garden Reach, where she was brought to. An hour previous to the steamer starting, the European troops within the fort were called to arms, and a number of them were immediately afterwards marched down, several field-pieces accompanying, to the residence of the ex-King, on reaching which place the troops surrounded the house, and remained under arms till the following morning, when the ex-King was made prisoner and his retainers disarmed. The former was removed without loss of time, in charge of two commissioned officers, to Fort William, and a search immediately made for certain papers of a seditious nature said to have been in his possession.

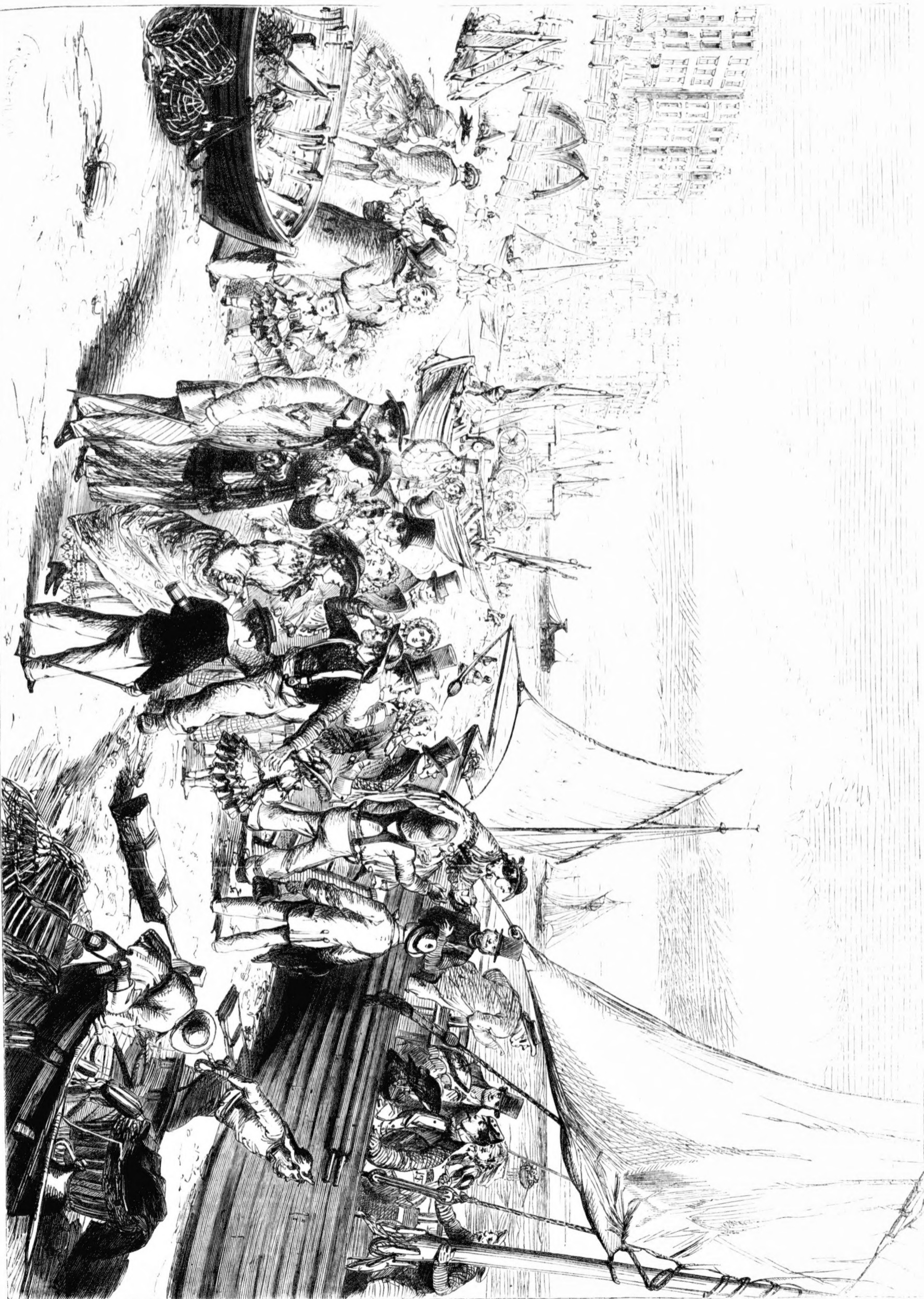
Amongst the documents seized was, we learn, a plan of Calcutta, divided into four portions. Every arrangement had been made for allotting these portions to the good officers of some of the "staunch" and "loyal" popu-

lation of that city. The rising was to take place on the 23rd of June. Every trifling circumstance had been taken into consideration, and the plot was complete in all its minutiae. One of the consequences of its discovery has been to send 100 Europeans to arrest a native prince, "residing not a hundred miles from Berhampore," says the Indian journal which gives us this information.

Fort William, the present prison of the ex-King of Oude, was built by Clive on the banks of the Hooghly soon after the battle of Plassy—just 100 years ago. It stands at about a quarter of a mile from the city, and is the most regularly-constructed fort in India. Octagonal in form, three of its sides are presented to the river—five to the land. The works mount above 600 guns, and the entire citadel is capable of accommodating 15,000 men. So extensive is it, that it has been said there should be 10,000 men within the walls, properly to defend them. The principal batteries are towards the river, from which side only an attack was apprehended.



INTERIOR OF FORT WILLIAM.—CALCUTTA IN THE DISTANCE.



AT THE SEASIDE NO. VII.—THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON.—(SEE P. 103.)

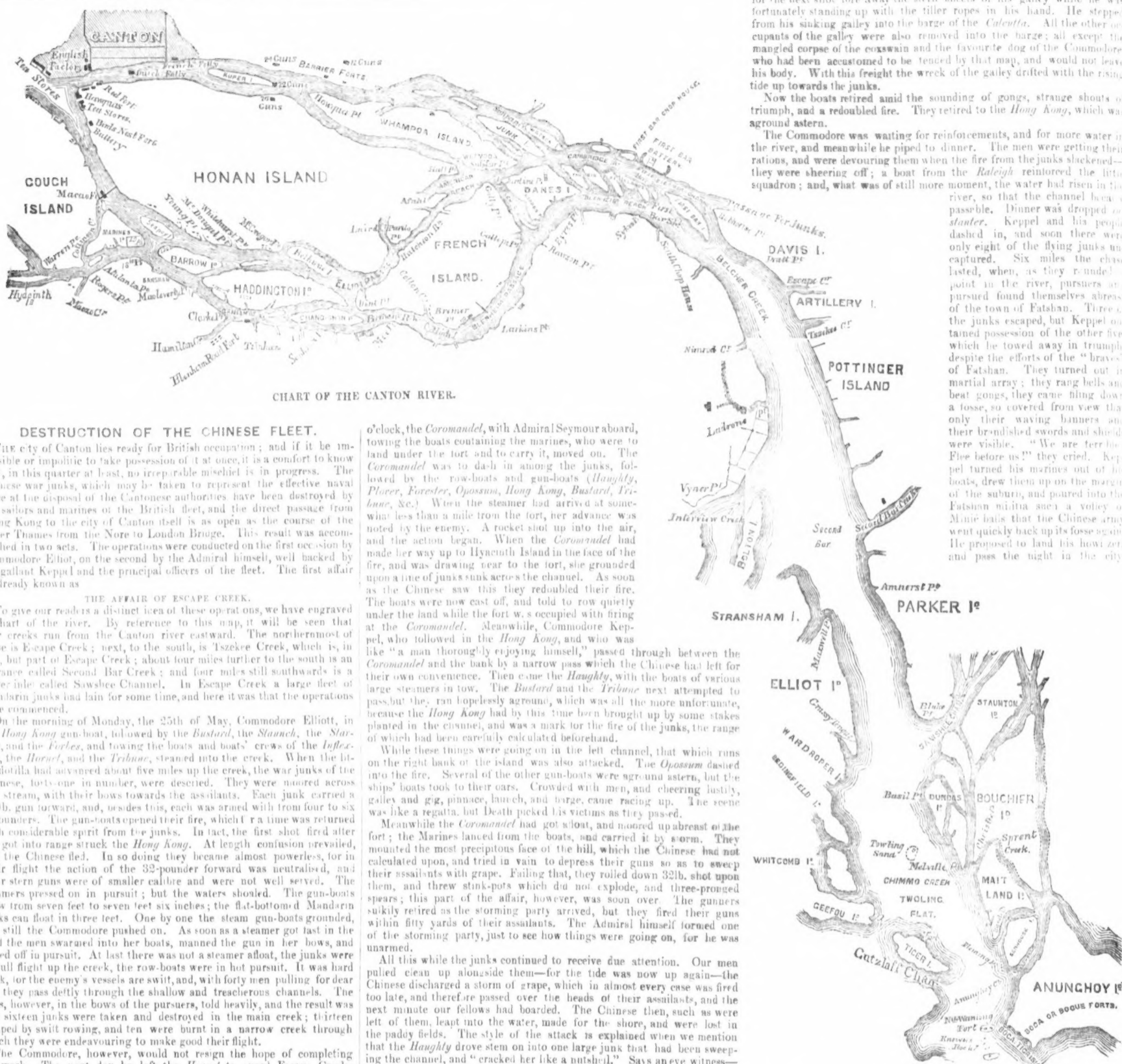


CHART OF THE CANTON RIVER.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CHINESE FLEET.

THE city of Canton lies ready for British occupation; and if it be impossible or impolitic to take possession of it at once, it is a comfort to know that, in this quarter at least, no irreparable mischief is in progress. The Chinese war junks, which may be taken to represent the effective naval force at the disposal of the Cantonese authorities, have been destroyed by the sailors and marines of the British fleet, and the direct passage from Hong Kong to the city of Canton itself is as open as the course of the River Thames from the Nore to London Bridge. This result was accomplished in two acts. The operations were conducted on the first occasion by Commodore Elliot, on the second by the Admiral himself, well backed by the gallant Keppel and the principal officers of the fleet. The first affair is already known as

THE AFFAIR OF ESCAPE CREEK.

To give our readers a distinct idea of these operations, we have engraved a chart of the river. By reference to this map, it will be seen that four creeks run from the Canton river eastward. The northernmost of these is Escape Creek; next, to the south, is Tszekee Creek, which is, in fact, but part of Escape Creek; about four miles further to the south is an entrance called Second Bar Creek; and four miles still southwards is a larger inlet called Saw-shee Channel. In Escape Creek a large fleet of Mandarin junks had lain for some time, and here it was that the operations were commenced.

On the morning of Monday, the 25th of May, Commodore Elliott, in the *Hong Kong* gun-boat, followed by the *Bustard*, the *Starling*, and the *Forbes*, and towing the boats and crews of the *Inflexible*, the *Hornet*, and the *Tribune*, steamed into the creek. When the little flotilla had advanced about five miles up the creek, the war junks of the Chinese, forty-one in number, were descried. They were moored across the stream, with their bows towards the assailants. Each junk carried a 32-lb. gun forward, and, besides this, each was armed with from four to six 9-pounders. The gun-boats opened their fire, which for a time was returned with considerable spirit from the junks. In fact, the first shot fired after she got into range struck the *Hong Kong*. At length confusion prevailed, and the Chinese fled. In so doing they became almost powerless, for in their flight the action of the 32-pounder forward was neutralised, and their stern guns were of smaller calibre and were not well served. The steamers pressed on in pursuit; but the waters shoaled. The gun-boats drew from seven feet to seven feet six inches; the flat-bottomed Mandarin junks can float in three feet. One by one the steam gun-boats grounded, but still the Commodore pushed on. As soon as a steamer got fast in the mud the men swarmed into her boats, manned the gun in her bows, and rowed off in pursuit. At last there was not a steamer afloat, the junks were in full flight up the creek, the row-boats were in hot pursuit. It was hard work, for the enemy's vessels are swift, and, with forty men pulling for dear life, they pass deftly through the shallow and treacherous channels. The guns, however, in the bows of the pursuers, told heavily, and the result was that sixteen junks were taken and destroyed in the main creek; thirteen escaped by swift rowing, and ten were burnt in a narrow creek through which they were endeavouring to make good their flight.

The Commodore, however, would not resign the hope of completing his work. The next day he left the *Hornet* to guard Escape Creek; the *Inflexible* to stop the entrance to the Second Bar Creek; while the *Tribune* brought her broadside to bear on the mouth of the Saw-shee Channel. Having thus stopped all the outlets of this network of streams, Elliot took his flotilla up the Saw-shee Channel, where he hoped to find some junks not yet accounted for. For a considerable time his labour proved vain; but at length, leaving the flotilla behind, and attended only by his armed boats, he pulled for a pagoda which had been made out in the distance. Suddenly he found himself close in with the town of Tung-koon, defended by a fleet of junks (one of them of great size and splendour), and under a battery. The Chinese were unprepared for this sudden meeting. The English boats fired all their guns, gave a cheer, and made a rush. The Chinese jumped overboard without firing a shot. It was necessary to destroy these junks, and it was desirable to take away the chief junk, but the boats were in the midst of a city. The crews of the junks established themselves in houses, and fired upon the sailors. The marines were obliged to form and charge in the streets. The Mandarin junk was found to have powder upon her deck, and trains communicating between her and the streets. Then a house close to her was set on fire, and up she went, nearly carrying an English pinnace with her. Twelve large junks were here destroyed. The sailors, who had no sails in their row boats, having now done their work, hardly cared to pull back again. Sails therefore were improvised out of the mats and other spoil of the junks, and they came sailing down Saw-shee Channel in such guise that the master of each ship would have been puzzled to recognise his own boat.

In this affair one man out of every ten engaged was hit—a large average even in European warfare. Such was the result of the expedition of Escape Creek.

THE BATTLE OF FATSHAN.

The battle of Fatshan was a far more serious affair. Two miles from the mouth of the Fatshan branch of the Canton river there is a long island called Hyacinth Island: which will be recognised at the extreme left of our chart. On the left bank, opposite to that island, there is a steep hill, and upon that hill there is or was a fort. Higher up than the island there are two smaller tributaries of the Fatshan branch, which go away right and left.

On the 1st of June—a date not unknown in the annals of the British Navy—Admiral Seymour and his followers found that nineteen large guns had been mounted on the fort. A six-gun battery had been erected on the right bank of the river. Above the island, across the channel, and along the two small creeks, seventy-two junks were moored, in such a way that their bow guns swept the channel on either side of Hyacinth Island. It had been so arranged that, as the British advanced to the attack along these channels, the fire of the fort, of the battery, and of the junks should be concentrated upon them. The fort was the key of the position.

On the 1st of June, then, "in the still black night," a little after three

o'clock, the *Comorandul*, with Admiral Seymour aboard, towing the boats containing the marines, who were to land under the fort and to carry it, moved on. The *Comorandul* was to dash in among the junks, followed by the row-boats and gun-boats (*Haughty*, *Placer*, *Forester*, *Opossum*, *Hong Kong*, *Bustard*, *Tribune*, &c.). When the steamer had arrived at some what less than a mile from the fort, her advance was noted by the enemy. A rocket shot up into the air, and the action began. When the *Comorandul* had made her way up to Hyacinth Island in the face of the fire, and was drawing near to the fort, she grounded upon a line of junks sunk across the channel. As soon as the Chinese saw this they redoubled their fire. The boats were now cast off, and told to row quietly under the land while the fort was occupied with firing at the *Comorandul*. Meanwhile, Commodore Keppel, who followed in the *Hong Kong*, and who was like "a man thoroughly enjoying himself," passed through between the *Comorandul* and the bank by a narrow pass which the Chinese had left for their own convenience. Then came the *Haughty*, with the boats of various large steamers in tow. The *Bustard* and the *Tribune* next attempted to pass, but they ran hopelessly aground, which was all the more unfortunate, because the *Hong Kong* had by this time been brought up by some stakes planted in the channel, and was a mark for the fire of the junks, the range of which had been carefully calculated beforehand.

While these things were going on in the left channel, that which runs on the right bank of the island was also attacked. The *Opossum* dashed into the fire. Several of the other gun-boats were aground astern, but the ships' boats took to their oars. Crowded with men, and cheering lustily, galley and gig, pinnace, launch, and barge, came racing up. The scene was like a regatta, but death picked his victims as they passed.

Meanwhile the *Comorandul* had got afloat, and moored up abreast of the fort; the marines landed from the boats, and carried it by storm. They mounted the most precipitous face of the hill, which the Chinese had not calculated upon, and tried in vain to depress their guns so as to sweep their assailants with grape. Failing that, they rolled down 32lb. shot upon them, and threw stink-pots which did not explode, and three-pronged spears; this part of the affair, however, was soon over. The gunners sulkily retired as the storming party arrived, but they fired their guns within fifty yards of their assailants. The Admiral himself formed one of the storming party, just to see how things were going on, for he was unarmed.

All this while the junks continued to receive due attention. Our men pulled clean up alongside them—for the tide was now up again—the Chinese discharged a storm of grape, which in almost every case was fired too late, and therefore passed over the heads of their assailants, and the next minute our fellows had boarded. The Chinese then, such as were left of them, leapt into the water, made for the shore, and were lost in the paddy fields. The style of the attack is explained when we mention that the *Haughty* drove stem on into one large junk that had been sweeping the channel, and "cracked her like a nutshell." Says an eye witness—"The game was soon up. First came a rush of fire and a loud explosion. A pillar of white smoke rises high into the air and swells at the top like a Doric column. Then another and another, and the guns cease, and the cannon smoke blows away, and the boats' crews are rowing from junk to junk, and in two long lines, almost as far as the eye can reach, lie the junks—some kindling, some in full blaze, but all stranded and abandoned. In one of these the sailors rescued an old man and a boy, chained to a gun and left to burn. In another, a woman and child were tied with whisks of bamboo to a 32-pounder. Right and left, covering an immense extent of narrow water, the junks lie, prizes either to the British or to the flames. We have leisure now to count them—they are 72."

Not satisfied with what had been thus accomplished, Commodore Keppel made his way past the six-gun fort, on the right channel, and past the burning junks, driving out the crews as he went. Vain were the Chinamen's stink-pots, their three-pronged spears, and their ingenious nets, so contrived as to fall over a boat's crew and catch them like herrings, while they spear them through the meshes. Without paying much attention to these contrivances, Keppel's little squadron broke through the already conquered junks into the vacant channel. With seven boats only he pulled away, apparently for the town of Fatshan, with its population of 200,000 inhabitants. His progress, however, was not interrupted. Far miles above the scene of the conflict just described, Keppel and his little company came upon an island, at the head of which twenty junks had been so moored that their fire was concentrated on the only available channel, and this channel was so narrow that two boats could not pass it abreast. No sooner did the boats appear in the narrow passage than twenty 32-pounders sent twenty round shot, and a hundred smaller guns sent their full charges of grape and canister, at a range of 500 yards, right among them. If the gunners of the *Excellent* had been in those Chinese junks, and had worked those 32-pounder guns, they could hardly have thrown the round shot straighter. Keppel's galley—not a large mark—was hit three times in two minutes. A 32-pounder shot struck Major Kearney in the breast, tearing him to pieces. Young Barker, a midshipman in the *Tribune*, who wore upon his finger a ring bequeathed to him by his brother, who was killed at Inkermann, was soon down, mortally wounded. The Commodore's coxswain was killed, and every man of his crew wounded. But the miracle was that any escaped. Captain Cochrane had the sleeve of his coat torn away by a shot, which left him unharmed. A round shot entered the *Tribune's* boat and passed along her line of keel, from stem to stern, without touching a man. "That was close, Victor," said Keppel to his flag-lieutenant, as a cannon-shot passed between their heads. Fortunately for himself, Victor (Prince Victor of Hohenlohe) was leaning forwards, and using his handkerchief as a towel to stop the bleeding of a seaman whose hand had just been shot off, otherwise that ball must have taken Victor's head off. At this time the galley was disabled, and she was drifting down under the guns of the junks. Even Keppel saw that it would not do. The matter was, however, settled for him,

for the next shot tore away the stern sheets of his galley while he was fortunately standing up with the tiller ropes in his hand. He stepped from his sinking galley into the barge of the *Calcutta*. All the other occupants of the galley were also removed into the barge; all except the mangled corpse of the coxswain and the favourite dog of the Commodore, who had been accustomed to be tended by that dog, and would not leave his body. With this freight the wreck of the galley drifted with the rising tide up towards the junks.

Now the boats retired amid the sounding of gongs, strange shouts of triumph, and a redoubled fire. They retired to the *Hong Kong*, which was aground astern.

The Commodore was waiting for reinforcements, and for more water in the river, and meanwhile he piped to dinner. The men were getting their rations, and were devouring them when the fire from the junks slackened—they were sheering off; a boat from the *Raleigh* reinforced the little squadron; and, what was of still more moment, the water had risen in the

river, so that the channel became passable. Dinner was dropped on a plank. Keppel and his people dashed in, and soon there were only eight of the flying junks uncaptured. Six miles the chase lasted, when, as they rounded a point in the river, pursuers and pursued found themselves abreast of the town of Fatshan. Three of the junks escaped, but Keppel obtained possession of the other five, which he towed away in triumph, despite the efforts of the "braves" of Fatshan. They turned out in martial array; they rang bells and beat gongs; they came filing down a fosse, so covered from view that only their waving banners and their brandished swords and shields were visible. "We are terrible! flee before us!" they cried. Keppel turned his marines out of his boats, drew them up on the margin of the suburb, and poured into the Fatshan militia such a volley of Minié balls that the Chinese army went quickly back up its fosse again. He proposed to land his howitzers and pass the night in the city,

but a message from the Admiral, however, recalled him. He had his five junks towed out before him, and as he left the city he stood up in the stern-sheets of his boat, and shook his fist good-humouredly, saying, "You rascals—I'll come back again to you soon!" and those extraordinary Chinese, they too laughed—a broad, good-humoured grin—and so they parted.

Eighty-four men on the British side were killed or wounded, and eighty-nine war junks were destroyed in these affairs.

Complete as this success has been, we have no reason to suppose that it will bring us much nearer a settlement with this extraordinary people. As the British force steamed down the river in which their success had been so complete, we are told that a couple of miserable junks far astern of them fired a shot or two at the retreating flotilla, as though to signify that Chinese prowess had enforced their retreat.

COURT-MARTIAL ON COMMODORE KEPPEL.

A naval court-martial was held on board the *Sybil* upon Commodore Keppel and his crew, for the loss of the *Raleigh*. It was chiefly remarkable for a speech from the Commodore, who appeared with his breast quite covered with orders and medals, and never alluded in any way to himself during the whole of his defence. The Commodore received back his sword, and is left in command up the river.

PUBLIC FEELING AT HONG KONG.

The merchants of Hong Kong were getting up an address to Lord Elgin, recording their conviction that any compromise of the Canton difficulty, "or any sort of settlement which should stop short of the complete humiliation of the Cantonese—which shall fail to teach them a wholesome respect for the obligations of their own Government in its relations with independent Powers, and a more hospitable reception of the foreigner who resorts to their shores for the peaceable purposes of trade, will only result in further suffering to themselves, and further disastrous interruption to us." "This" (observes the correspondent of the "Times," writing from Hong Kong) "means, 'You must take Canton, my Lord, and negotiate at Peking with Canton in your possession.' Such is the opinion of every one here, from the highest to the lowest. Even those Chinese who live by gratifying English tastes, painting portraits of vessels for uxorious sea captains, or selling puzzles, bamboo chairs, and grass-cloth handkerchiefs, are quite of the same opinion."

THE SADDLER ESTATES.—The Commissioners of Encumbered Estates have fixed the 17th of November for the sale of a portion of the estates of the late John Sadler. The rental of this division of the estates is about £4,000 a year. Twenty years' purchase being the average rate of the Irish land market, this slice of the mysteriously-acquired possessions of the suicide ought to produce at least £80,000 out of the £250,000 or £300,000, the estimated gross value of all the estates which from time to time came into Sadler's hands.

IRELAND.

THE MURDER OF MR. LITTLE AT DUBLIN.—The grand jury have found a verdict against Spiller for the murder of Mr. Little. The trial was fixed for the 10th inst.

ATROCIOUS MURDER NEAR MULLINGAR.—The body of a man was found on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., about four feet deep, in Hyde Park bog, within six miles of Mullingar. It was quite naked, and round the upper part of the chest, about the arms a twisted rod of hazel or willow was discovered, and used for the purpose of dragging it from a distance, previous to its being deposited where it was discovered. The body was in a state of perfect preservation, as is usually the case with animal substances found in peat. It appeared to be that of a young man, and exhibited no perceptible marks of violence, except that the head was severed from the neck just on a line with the root of the tongue. The head was removed perhaps to prevent any identification of the body. It appeared to have been a very long time in the place where it was found, as the bog was as compact as it is in other situations. The bones were so soft that they could be bent in any direction without breaking, or cut with ease with a knife. An inquest was held on the body, at which was returned a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown."

SCOTLAND.

CHILD MURDER.—Two Glasgow police-officers were on Monday morning met by a woman, who told them that she had murdered her child, and bade them come to her house and she would show it to them. The woman, who is the wife of Richard Westcott, a seaman, led the way to her home in Dobbie's Loan, on a street, which they indeed found a trail of three weeks old with its blood on the pavement, with which the woman had been indicted in a court of law. The mother was committed under the lunacy statute to the asylum at Gartnavel.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—On Monday week a very heavy thunder-storm broke over Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire. The lightning struck dead one of three women in a turnip-field, and severely injured the others, who are reported to be dangerously ill.

THE PROVINCES.

SUSPECTED MURDER NEAR DEFNAG, SOUTH WALES.—A young woman, named Elizabeth Evans, living near Defnag, married a short time since a carpenter, who had just previously succeeded to the farming stock and general property of her father. They lived very happily together, and latterly the young man was on a visit to his father's house in Australia, and on his return, being with him a girl who was residing near them. To guard against this, she gave at the registry office at Brecon to her father, Mr. Williams, to grant him a power of attorney for his father's will, leaving that he would sell everything off and leave her destitute. She thought so from having heard that he had offered to sell her several occasions (an opinion prevailing in some parts of South Wales, that a man can get rid of his wife in that way) and from his having wrenched off her wedding-ring, in the dead of the night, telling her that it was actually bought for another. On Friday morning she was found dead, having been seen perfectly well a short time previously. The face presented an unusual appearance. This, and other circumstances connected with the death, have led to the opening of an inquiry.

A CRUSADE AGAINST MORMONISM.—A preaching crusade has been opened against Mormonism by Dr. Brindley, in Birmingham. The latter Day Saints in the town are mobbed in the streets, and in their places of worship. During the previous five years, the chapel doors were broken up, and the congregation expelled. The proceedings having been remarked upon in a deprecatory spirit in the "Birmingham Journal," D. Brindley called a meeting in the town-hall on Wednesday week. Several thousand persons were present. At the close of the Doctor's anti-Mormon address, a large body of his auditors proceeded to the Mormon chapel in Cambridge Street (a short distance off), and commenced an attack upon the premises. Every window in the place was smashed, the iron fastenings of the door were torn off, and an entrance would have been effected in a few minutes, had not a strong body of police arrived on the spot. The mob then retired with strong manifestations of hostility; but ultimately, and by the assistance of some of the "Saints," they managed to get possession of the doors, to disperse the mob, and restore order.

DEATH OF A FAMILIAR.—A farm labourer, named Speed, of Pontefract, died on Sunday week, under circumstances of suspicion. A post-mortem examination was made, when arsenic was found in the body. The wife was forthwith taken into custody, and a coroner's inquest opened. At the inquest a chemist of Pontefract proved that the prisoner had applied for arsenic at his shop a few days previous to her husband's decease, which the chemist refused to sell without a witness. Another person gave evidence that the wife had told him that a dog had bitten her and she wished to poison it; and asked him if he could get her some poison. He declined to do so. Next day she asked him to come and see her husband, who was ill. The witness went, and found deceased in bed; he said, "I feel as though I had had some poison." Some other evidence which told somewhat against the wife was adduced, when the inquest was adjourned.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

About nine o'clock on Friday afternoon an explosion took place at the Heys Colliery, situated on the Mosses road, at a point within half a mile of the Ashton Town Hall. The explosion took place at the "No. 1, down cast shaft," and was so violent that it shook the houses near the pit. Some thirty or forty men were known to have been working in the mine; and, as soon as possible, an under-loader descended the shaft with a party of volunteers. It was found impossible to make very rapid progress along the mine; and it was not till Sunday afternoon that the greater number of the bodies (thirty-one) were recovered. There were then eight other bodies to be accounted for. In fact, of all the men employed in the mine, only one escaped, and he was dangerously injured. The difficulty in getting at the bodies arose from the fact that the roof of the passage had fallen in in many places. The man who was saved (Eliot, the engine man) was unable to give any clue to the cause of the accident—mentioning, however, that shortly before the explosion took place he was assisting a man named Nolan to wind coal up, and that the coils fell out of one of the tubs, and he thought something was wrong. On this Nolan went down the incline to see if all was clear, but before he returned the explosion took place. A subscription has been opened for the families of those whose lives were lost in the mine: it already amounts to above £400.

FRATRICIDE.

GEORGE KEBBLE EDWARDS, a farm labourer, and only eighteen years of age, was tried at Maidstone for the murder of his brother, Thomas Edwards, by nearly chopping his head to pieces with an axe.

The parents of the prisoner lived in a small house in Maidstone, and the prisoner, the deceased (who was twenty-four years old), and a younger brother named Samuel, lived with them. The deceased appeared to have been a well-conducted young man, who by his exertions aided to support the family; the prisoner, however, was an idle fellow, subsisting upon the exertions of his father and brothers. On Monday, the 16th of March, the father of the prisoner told him he had got some work for him; the prisoner made some evasive answer. The deceased on hearing this told the prisoner that if he did not work when work was obtained for him, he would turn him out of doors. This greatly angered the prisoner. On the night of the 18th of March, he was heard by his mother to go into the bed-room where the deceased was. About half-past twelve o'clock at night the mother was awake by hearing a moaning in her son's bed-room. She immediately struck a light and proceeded thither, where she found the unfortunate deceased lying on the bed with several painful gashes upon his head, and the pillows and bedclothes completely saturated with blood. The prisoner was gone. Under the bed was an axe covered with blood and hair. It was a most fearful weapon, the blade being nine or ten inches long, and weighing at least 10 lbs. A surgeon was promptly in attendance; but although the unhappy young man was alive, he was perfectly insensible, and nothing could be done to alleviate his sufferings. At eight o'clock the same morning he expired. A more careful examination of the injuries he had received was then made, and it was ascertained that the skull had been fractured in two places, and that the membrane of the brain had been severed, and the jaw was broken. There was no doubt that all these frightful injuries had been occasioned by the axe, and the surgeon expressed an opinion, from the character and direction of the wounds, that they had been inflicted while deceased was asleep.

The evidence left no doubt of the prisoner's guilt. He was convicted and sentenced to death. He betrayed no emotion. After the trial, we hear, a stone, weighing three or four ounces, was found upon him. When asked what it was for, he replied that it was best known to himself.

THE MURDER AT ABBOT'S BROMLEY.

At Stafford Assizes, George Jackson and Charles Brown, young men, were tried, separately, for the murder of Mr. Charlesworth, a farmer, at Abbot's Bromley. There was no question that the prisoners followed Charlesworth at night from a public-house to rob him—partly as a "jack," they pretended. Jackson had made a statement, admitting that he, being drunk at the time, killed Charlesworth by blows on the head with a hedge-stake; but then he alleged that Charlesworth first struck him with a stick. When dead, Charlesworth was robbed. The questions for the jury were, in Jackson's case, did Jackson go out with intent to rob the farmer? who struck him?—Charlesworth or Jackson? The jury convicted of murder, believing that Jackson's intent was robbery, and that he struck first. In Brown's case, they also convicted of murder, believing that Brown went out to rob, and was therefore a participant in the homicide which sprang from that intention. Both convicts were sentenced to be hanged. Brown has since been respited.

EIGHT HOURS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

The march of intellect in the present era has, it cannot be denied, been accompanied by the march of luxury. We do not mean luxury of the Persian or Sardanapalian character, which enervates while it corrupts a people; but that of a more genial and softening kind, which tends to ameliorate national manners and to break down the artificial barriers which selfishness and prejudice have created between the rich and the poor.

But a very few years since the sea-side, and especially Brighton, was a harem of delight—a paradise, at whose gate the poor man might be the pet, but into whose distant precincts he could rarely hope to obtain admission. How many thousands must have watched—hopelessly, sighingly, enviously—the departure from the Bull and Mouth at the Regent Circus, of the memorable "Times" coach for Brighton! The "Times" with its four spanking titts—bits of blood everyone of them; the shining ribbons held by the live baronet on the box; the gentlemanly guard (who never forgot to ask for the hall-crown) behind; the four solemn insides, among whom might frequently be found peers of the realm, bishops in real silk aprons, and dowager countesses in their own right; the joyous outsiders, consisting chiefly of sporting men, jovial young blades from the universities, and tremendous saboteurs in his Majesty's household cavalry. They were bound for Brighton, these happy beings—Brighton, the ineffable queen of watering-places, metamorphosed from the vulgar, fishy Brighton of old, by George the magnificent and transcendent—where there were bathing-machines and Martha Gunn's Pavilion, and Mrs. Fitzherbert's *petite maison*; the Steyne, and Fauntleroy's villa; the King's Road, and the grand old Duchess of St. Alban's walking thereon, all over diamonds, and with her black velvet train held up by two pages; the electrolyte springs, and the Chain Pier; the Devil's Dyke and Bull's Baths; the Marine Parade and Tuppins' Library; the band of the Lancers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ed, the master of the ceremonies; the race-course and Sir William Curtis's curriole. This Brighton is now a city of the past.

It exists no more than do the vast majority of the passengers by the old "Times" coach. The live baronet, I have heard, is yet alive; and, his train of spanking titts unharnessed, and his wild oats sown, is a very stern and religious magistrate somewhere down in Cambridgeshire. But the passengers—where are they? The years have died, and they are dead—they are dead, the true and loyal companions, the dear friends, the brave boys. From the poor little band that remains they still die daily, and leave us to mourn and grow gray, and register more deaths. They die with such remorseless swiftness, that we lift at last our streaming eyes to heaven, and ask whether we are not forgotten, and whether, for mercy's sake, our turn may not come next.

But with the Brighton of the past no more, a new and even a more social Brighton—a London-super-mare, as the king of English novelists has denominated it—has arisen upon its ruins. Royalty has withdrawn its patronage from Brighton. Our dear Queen will have nothing to do with the town of which her wicked old uncle strove to make a general Gehenna, repudiates the naughty traditions of the tunnel from the Pavilion for waste, and the municipal authorities turned it into a peep-show and a concert room. Old Brighton—the Brighton of George and William, which began at the new Steyne, and ended at Regency Square—has now swelled into a palatial watering place, with Kemp Town and Sussex Square at one end, and Adelaide Crescent and Hove at the other. Brighton has now seventy thousand inhabitants. Brighton is now emancipated from the feudal sway of a high constable, and the humiliating degradation of the "Hundred of Herringbone." It is a corporate town, with a real mayor, and real aldermen, in real gowns, furs, and gold chains. Still, it is patronised by very many members of the aristocracy; still do peers, judges, bishops, *blase* ladies of fashion, and overworked barristers, rush down, per express train, to its breezy promenades, and abide in its gorgeous hotels; but an *imperium in imperio* has grown up at Brighton. It is the resort of stockbrokers. The wealthy children of Israel delight in it, and the gorgeously attired, gazelle-eyed, hooked-nosed daughters of the ten tribes, make its thoroughfares radiant with the *delat* of their costume and the oriental brownness of their charms. Comfortable tradesmen bring here their wives and families in preference to Gravesend, the dusty-where-ky, and Ramsgate the sandily-shrimpy, to "have a blow of fresh air;" young bucks from the temple; smart young men from the banking houses and city commercial firms; millionaires out for a holiday; setos who are "out of the mill" for a fortnight; authors who are so very solicitous about writing that very best chapter that ever was written in a sea-side retreat, where they may commune with the sea-gulls and listen to what the wild waves are saying, and it so very convenient to slip down to Brighton, and lounge about the cliff, and potter among the sellers of shells and marine curiosities, and peep slyly under the round hat of the pretty girls with the boots with military heels and the Balnoral petticoats, and ogle the lady equestrians, and wear extraordinary costumes in which the nautical struggles with the market gardener, and generally persuade themselves that they are doing the thing in first-rate sea-side style.

But chief, and most encouraging of all, among the modern visitors to Brighton (it is enough to make the hair of the bronze ghost of George the transcendent on the steeple stand erect to see them) are the thousands of honest toilers and workers who make a periodical "flitting" from the close and steaming abodes where they dwell in obedience to that state into which it has pleased God to call them, and where they are surely (though for poor week's wages) earning a reward which shall be meted out to them with no niggard hand in the day when the labourer shall be found indeed worthy of his hire, and when the fair day's wage shall in verity be paid for the fair day's work. It is only just to state that the advent of these thousands into Brighton, hitherto so inaccessible to the poor, hitherto so exclusive, is due to a certain potent, very magnetic, called the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, who—let us personify the steam entity for once—watts thousands down to Brighton by one touch of his beneficent wand, where his predecessor the "Times" coach would have conveyed but a dozen; who has been the means of affording incessant enjoyment to myriads of persons; and whose "eight-hours at the sea-side," by the employment of the means of the swiftest of conveyance at the most trivial of prices, has done more good to the masses than whole legions of select committees and whole phalanxes of paid commissioners would do.

Consider, we pray you, the scene so graphically drawn by the young and talented artist, who, it is true, has only known this Egypt since there arose another king who knew not Joseph—or George—but who has, nevertheless, seized upon all the salient points of London-super-mare, as it at present exists, with wonderful fidelity and graphic force. Behold the Brighton of to-day. The shining beach; the crowds of delighted excursionists viewing naval structures bigger than Thames water-boats for the first time; the launch of the famous pleasure-boat—the *Ocean Queen*, or the *Brighton Fairy*—into which full six hundred are as eager to adventure, as the dauntless six hundred troopers at Balaclava; but from which we are afraid there would return "not the six hundred" in the way of abdominal comfort. How many a gallant pleasure-boat tourist have we seen embark in all the confidence of a yachting costume, a nascent moustache, a virgin meerschaum (with a tremendous pouchful of strong tobacco and German tinder matches in case of eventualities, you may be sure), and an embryo stock of daring nautical terms; how many a "fair lady" with the most elegant of bonnets, and the trestles of colours, and the most widely-spreading of muslin skirts; how many have we seen return an hour afterwards forlorn, draggled, miserable objects, holding on to hen-coops, pitifully beseeching pitifully-trousered mariners to hold them up, cravenly entreating the stern steerer of the boat "not to go so fast," as if he could help it—generally seedy, done up, washed out, and abased. For every rose has its thorn, and eight hours at the sea-side not unfrequently comprise one hour of the most intolerable agony.

SLANDER IN HIGH PLACES.—A few copies of our last week's impression lacked the necessary intelligence that the Countess of Harrington had been adjudged to pay £750 damages, for slandering the Rev. F. N. Highmore, vicar of Elyston. The Countess, it appears, had accused him of keeping a disorderly house, of being drunken, or of rendering no account of moneys received at the sacrament and for the repair of the church, etc. She said he was so bad a man that she could not take the sacrament from him.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SEPOY REVOLT

DESTRUCTION OF BUNGALOWS AT MEERUT.

We have received the accompanying sketch of the destruction of a bungalow at Meerut, which gives, we imagine, a fair idea of the scenes of rapine and violence which followed upon the Sepoy revolt at that unfortunate station. The best description of the horrors of this fearful night is from the pen of a lady who owed her escape to the protection of a band of natives belonging to her husband's troop, and who nobly stood by him in the hour of peril. We quote a few extracts from the narrative in question:—"Crowds (she says) began to hurry past our grounds. Half were in uniform, half without. Many shots were being fired, and the shouting was awful. I could ever and anon hear my husband's name blessed by the poor madmen. Bungalows began to blaze round us, nearer and nearer, till the frenzied mob reached that next to our own! We saw a poor lady in the verandah, a Mrs. Chambers. We bade the servants bring her over the low wall to us, but they were too confused to attend to me at first. The stables of that house were first burnt. We heard the shrieks of the horses. Then came the mob to the house itself, with awful shouts and curses. We heard the doors broken in, and many, many shots, and at the moment my servants said they had been to bring away Mrs. Chambers, but had found her dead on the ground, cut horribly, and she on the eve of her confinement! Oh! night of horrors! Still I heard shouts of my husband's name, and assurances that our house should be spared, but crowds kept threatening. I almost believed we should escape, but watched in agony with Eliza from the upper verandah. Every house in sight was blazing. At last a few horsemen rode into the compound. I saw the cavalry uniform. 'Come, come,' I shouted, 'and save me,' and poor Eliza joined. 'Fear nothing,' said the first man; 'no one shall injure you.' Oh! how I thanked them, and in a minute they were with us in the upper room, and I tried to take their hands in mine, but they laid themselves at my feet, touching them with their foreheads. Our cavalry guard kept dashing through the compound, forcing back parties who rushed in to fire the house. The pistol shots rang on every side, and now my husband arrived in speechless agony on our account, and made us leave the house, fearing it might be surrounded. Wrapped in the black stable blankets, to hide our light dresses, in the glare of the flaming station, he took us to hide under trees in the garden, but moved us afterwards into a little temple that stands on our grounds. We sat there for some hours, listening to the noises, as crowds came near or fell away. The roads at length appearing quieter, we hurried off. We had 19 of the 3rd remaining with us, including the *Jemadar* of our troop. We drove among the smouldering houses to the cavalry parade ground almost at a gallop, and making a wide circuit to avoid the native infantry lines, we reached the dragon lines. A picket of carabineers, with a cannon, commanded the road and nearly fired on us. As we came up, Henry rode ahead and explained, and we were allowed to pass. Day was dawning on our night of misery, and the manly faces of the English Dragoons sent comfort to our hearts."

THE PALACE AT DELHI.

In connection with the illustrations of Delhi, which we published in our last week's number, we gave rather a full descriptive account of the Emperor's Palace; to this we have but few additional particulars to add. The palace, as we have already mentioned, occupies a commanding position, and should General Barnard commence his operations by capturing it, the result would be the fall of the city, which must succumb when the palace is in our possession. Though the walls are not calculated to resist heavy artillery, yet the place could scarcely be taken without a breach being made in them—that is, if the garrison showed any skill in its defence. The attack would in all probability be made from the river side, for the water until the end of the month is so very low, and is little more than a stream which is fordable, that it would create no obstacle worth mentioning. The batteries could be erected on the sand; and the camp, being across the river, would be safe. By shelling the palace and breaking its new wall an assault could be made, and the fire of our guns would continue till our troops had fairly got in. The shelling would have destroyed all cover, and probably would have driven out the defenders, so that there is little doubt but that the assault would be successful. Having got possession of the palace, the city falls at once. Another mode of attack, and one that in all likelihood will be adopted, is to attack near the Cashmere Gate. Our guns would soon render the main guard untenable, and to make a practicable breach in the wall between the Cashmere Gate and the river would be a very simple operation. Our advance would then be made in the open, and with little risk of loss from the fire of musketry from houses, for owing to the explosion in the magazine it is probable that from the church to the palace all has been levelled. After breaching the palace in its north wall, to storm it would close the proceedings.

MASSACRE OF OFFICERS AT DELHI AND ESCAPE OF FUGITIVES.

A full account of the dastardly massacre of officers of the 54th N.I. at Delhi has already appeared in our columns (see page 51), and it is therefore unnecessary further to revert to it. One young fellow, who succeeded in escaping from the butchery that awaited him, thus describes, in a letter to his sister, the events that ensued upon the explosion of the powder magazine, which our readers will remember followed close upon the slaughter alluded to above. He says:—

"It must have been about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, all of a sudden, a sepoy who was with us in the Mangrove, and on whom we had been depending to defend us in case of attack, began firing upon us in every direction; a most awful scene, as you may imagine, then ensued—people running in every possible way to try and escape. I, as luck would have it, with a few other fellows, ran up a kind of slope that leads to the officers' quarters, and there, amid a storm of bullets, to one of the embrasures of the bastion. It is perfectly miraculous how I escaped being hit; no word of poor fellows was knocked down all about. On arriving at the embrasure, all at once an idea occurred to me of jumping down into the ditch from the rampart (one would have thought it madness at any other time), and so try and get out by scaling the opposite side; but just as I was in the act of doing so I heard a scream from a lot of unfortunate women who were in the officers' quarters, imploring for help. Immediately with a few other fellows, who like me were going to escape the same way, ran back to them, and though the attempt appeared hopeless, we determined to see if we could not take them with us. Some of them, poor creatures, were wounded with bullets; however, we made a rope with handkerchiefs, and jumping down first into the ditch, caught them as they dropped, to break the fall. Then came the difficulty of dragging them up the opposite bank; however, by God's will we succeeded, after nearly half an hour's labour; and why no sepoy came and shot every one of us while getting across all this time is a perfect mystery."

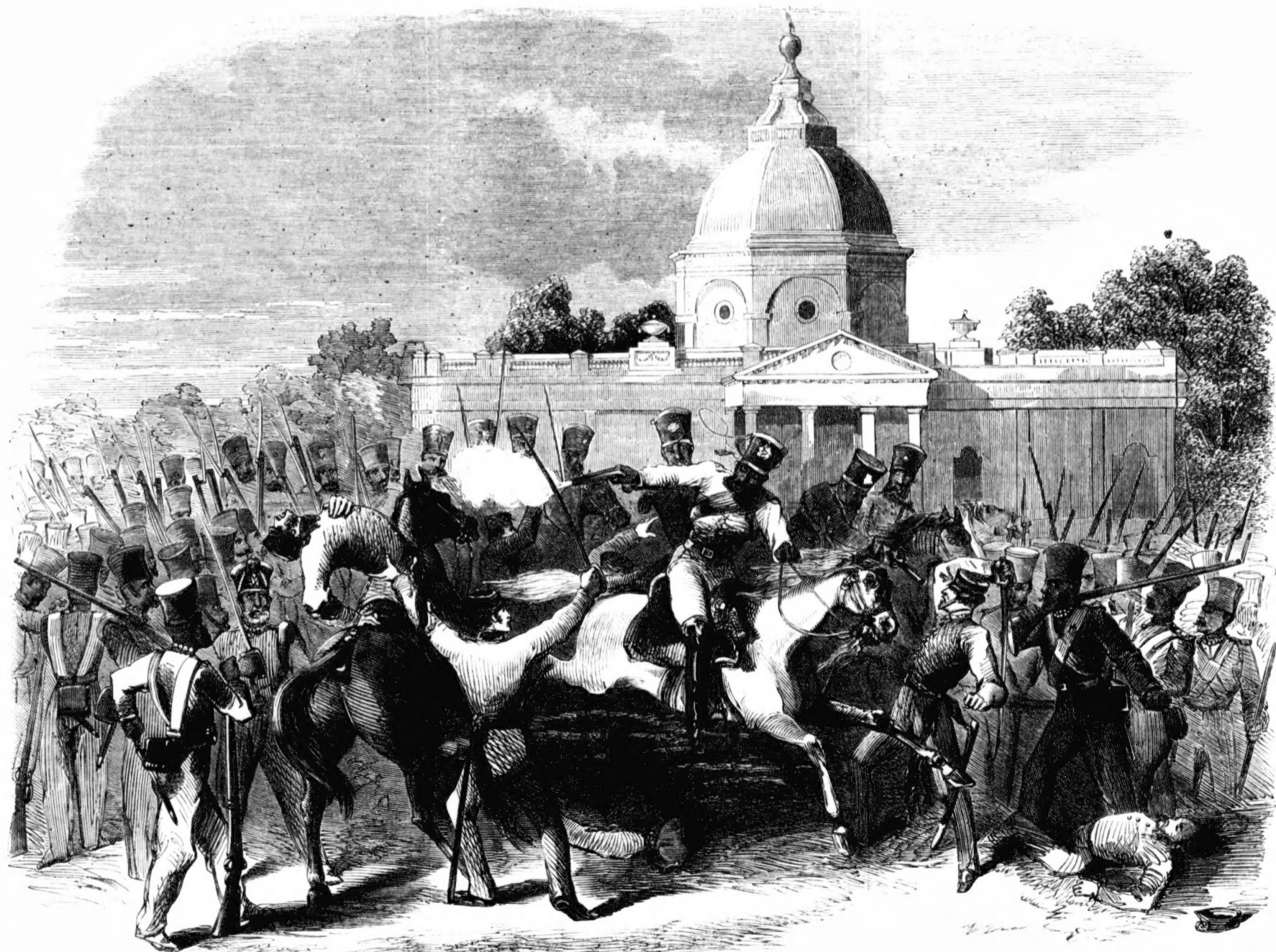
"Expecting to be pursued every minute, we bent our steps to a house that was on the banks of the river. This we reached in safety, and getting something to eat and drink from the servants (their master, young Metcalf, had died in the morning), stopped there till dark, and then, seeing the whole of three cantonments on fire, and as it were a regular battle raging in that direction, we ran down to the river side and made the best of our way along its banks in an opposite direction. It would be too long, as my very dearest sister, to tell you of how for three days and nights we wandered in the jungles, sometimes led and sometimes robbed by the villagers, till at length, wearied and footsore, with shrills of children on our backs, we arrived at a village, where they put us in a hut, and fed us for four days, and moreover took a note from us into Meerut, whence an escort of cavalry was sent, and we were brought safe to ely."

"We started from Delhi with five ladies and four officers besides myself, but afterwards in our wanderings fell in with two sergeants' wives and two little children, with two more officers and a merchant, so altogether, on coming to Meerut, we were a body of seventeen souls. Oh, great Heaven, to think of the privations we endured, and the narrow escapes we had! We used to ford streams at night, and then walk on slowly in our dripping clothes, lying down to rest every half-hour, for you must remember that some of the ladies were wounded, and all so fatigued and worn out that they could scarcely move. Of course, had we been by ourselves, we would have made a dash for Meerut at once; but having these unfortunate women with us, what could we do? At one time, when we were attacked by the villagers and robbed of everything we possessed, had we not had them with us we would have fought for it, and sold our lives dearly, instead of quietly giving up our arms as we did, for you must know we had a few blunt swords among us with one or two double-barrelled guns."

THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR INDIA.—The whole of the large force placed under orders for India before the arrival of the last mail will have embarked by the end of this week. It has since been determined considerably to increase the reinforcements, and along with some addition to the Royal Artillery force, two regiments of cavalry and four of infantry will be immediately placed under orders for the East. The infantry regiments will comprise three regiments of Highlanders, and they will be made up to 1,200 each. In consequence of the large Artillery force being sent out, Major General Duguis will proceed in command of that branch of the army.



THE KING'S PALACE AT DELHI, FROM THE JUMNA.



MASSACRE OF OFFICERS BY INSURGENT CAVALRY AT DELHI.



FUGITIVES FROM DELHI FORDING A RIVER.

THE SIKHS AND THE REVOLT.

THE position adopted by the Sikhs is yet doubtful; upon the whole, however, they appear to be well disposed. We may be assured of their fidelity indeed, if it be true (as is reported in a news letter from the city of Delhi) that "strict orders have been issued by the King to the Hindoos-

tance soldiery to slay all the Sikhs who may be met with; even men who from their countenances may be supposed to be Punjabees, are to be slaughtered."

At Benares, indeed, a Sikh regiment has mutinied, but it would appear that they took part in the mutiny with considerable hesitation, for they

and not turn upon their officers until they had been ordered to load their muskets to coerce the 34th regiment, already in revolt. And, as we have elsewhere reported, the treasury, and the lives of the civilians, were saved by a Sikh prisoner, who prevented the Sikh guard of the treasury from rising when they heard how their rebellious brethren had been cut up.



GROUP OF SIKHS.

At Jullundur, a portion of the native troops broke out, and after wounding a few persons and losing twelve of their own number, made off in the direction of Phillour, crossing the Sutlej a few miles above that place. They were pursued by a squadron of cavalry, some European foot and guns, and a body of horsemen belonging to the Allowalls Rajah. All the Sikhs belonging to each corps remained staunch. The Native troop of artillery behaved throughout in the most admirable manner, firing on the mutineers and maintaining unflinching fidelity.

At Jhansi, however, the Sikhs turned against us, and the 12th Native Infantry, whose ranks contained a large number of them, mutinied bodily.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JULY 31.
HOUSE OF LORDS.
AFFAIRS OF INDIA.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH, in moving some returns relating to the equipment and carriage of the Indian army, entered into a dissertation on the present state of affairs, including in severe criticisms on the course of proceedings by the Governor-General at Calcutta, and pointing out that Delhi would not be taken before the rainy season, when the European troops would have to retire.

Earl GRANVILLE supported such criticisms upon a state of affairs on which the Noble Earl must be most imperfectly informed, and said that from every source he heard that Lord Canning was acting with a vigour and ability which were most remarkable.

The Marquis of CLANRICARDE also defended Lord Canning; and after some further conversation, the subject dropped.

Several bills were advanced a stage, when the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SEIZURE OF A BRITISH SCHOONER.

Mr. J. LOCKE inquired whether any satisfactory account had been given by the authorities at the Caracas of the seizure of the British schooner Maria, a trader between Demerara and Venezuela, in February, 1856.

Lord PALMERSTON said Lord Clarendon had given instructions to our chargé d'affaires at Caracas to take the proper steps in the case.

THE BENGAL ARMY.

Sir JOHN PAKINGTON inquired whether the Government would lay on the table the report of Sir C. Napier to the Duke of Wellington on the subject of the Bengal army. At present the Government had only promised to give extracts from that which had already been moved for; but in fact there were two reports, one of which was presented to Lord Dalhousie, and by him forwarded to the House of Commons. It was this report, to which the Government had not referred in any answer to questions in that House, which he wished to be produced.

Lord PALMERSTON said it was true that Sir C. Napier's report was made to Lord Dalhousie, and a copy sent to the Duke of Wellington; it related to the defence of the Indian frontier, and contained incidentally some remarks on the Bengal army. Those parts which related to the army had been laid on the table. He had been informed that this was the only paper of the kind at the House of Commons; but he would inquire if there was another, and if there was, and it only referred to such subjects as had been stated, he would produce it.

DIVORCE BILL.

The adjourned debate on this bill was resumed by Mr. GLADSTONE. He urged that the feeling of the middle and lower classes was decidedly opposed to the bill, and deprecated the haste with which the Government was passing it through the House. He next traced the history of marriage from its institution as a personal contract, through its state as a civil act, to its establishment as a religious ceremony, ratified by an oath, when it became indissoluble. The defect of the bill was that it dealt with all these three states of marriage when it ought to be confined to the one question which related to it as a civil contract. He denied that the exceptional legislation which had enabled the marriage tie to be dissolved warranted such a bill as this; and he urged that that system had been of slow growth, and was not of more than a hundred years' standing. The bill made a change in the law, and did not merely reduce into a practical form that which had long been theoretical by the law of this country. It did, in fact, introduce a new law; for the exceptional law which had hitherto prevailed was confined to a few and a class; while this measure proposed to make divorce accessible to every class. He next argued the religious part of the question, and then at great length recapitulated all his arguments against the bill.

Sir GEORGE GREY said the bill was not a new one. It did not alter the ground upon which divorces could now be obtained—it simply altered the court. It was in vain to say that marriages should be considered as indissoluble. The experience of all mankind showed that such a dogma could not be maintained in practice. Even in Roman Catholic countries, there was a most convenient mode of obtaining divorce—that of "dispensation." With regard to the clergy, their representations were inconsistent with the fact—no obligation beyond that which now existed would be imposed upon them.

A very animated discussion ensued, in which, among others, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Henley, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Napier, and the Attorney-General, took part.—The House then divided, when the second reading was carried by 208 to 97. The other orders were disposed of, and the House adjourned.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

EMBODIMENT OF THE MILITIA.

Lord PANMURE brought in a bill to enable the Government to embody certain regiments of the Militia, should the requirements of the public service render such a step necessary during the recess.

After some discussion, in the course of which the Government was twitted by Lords DEBY and HARDWICK with having so suddenly changed its mind on this matter, the bill was read a first time.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

Lord BROUGHAM moved, as a preparatory step towards the measure of Parliamentary Reform expected next session, for return of the number of electors in every county, city, and borough in the United Kingdom.

Lord GRANVILLE, on the part of the Government, had no objection to the production of the returns, which were accordingly ordered.

THE AUSTRALIAN MAILS.

Lord HARDWICK called attention to the subject of the Australian postal contract, declaring that the company with which the existing contract was made having failed to fulfil its obligations, the contract itself was void.

The Duke of ARGYLL said that the performance of the contract had not been hitherto so unsatisfactory as to warrant the Government in throwing it up, especially as an element in that contract was the enforcement of certain penalties.

After some further conversation, the subject dropped.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S CASE.

Lord J. RUSSELL, in moving for a select committee to consider whether the Act 5 and 6 William IV., cap. 62, be applicable to oaths appointed by law to be taken by members of that House at the table, previously to their taking their seats, and in what manner the Act can be applied, made a statement in order to lay a foundation for the motion. He said a bill upon the paper, he observed—the Oaths Valuation Act Amendment Bill—which stood for a second reading that evening; but Baron Rothschild had informed him that he had been advised that under the Act referred to the House might, by an order, enable him to make a declaration in lieu of the Oath of Abjuration, and that, if the House took that course, he was ready to make such declaration. Anticipating an objection that the declaration must contain the words "on the true faith of a Christian," Lord John argued upon the strength of Mr. Pease's case, and upon other authorities, that the House might omit these words.

Sir F. THURGOOD said he did not intend to divide the House upon the motion, although it proposed to delegate the functions of the House to a committee. He then showed what he considered to be the inconsistency of Lord John Russell's present course with his past opinions upon this subject, and he read the words of the act in question, contending that it never could have been intended by the Legislature that the House of Commons should be comprehended therein. That House, he insisted, had no power to omit the words "on the true faith of a Christian" from a declaration in lieu of the Oath of Abjuration, Mr. Pease, he observed, having been seated, not by a resolution of that House, but under the Act of the 22nd of George II., which authorised the omission of those words.

Lord PALMERSTON said he concurred in the motion, considering the matter to be of sufficient importance to justify its reference to a select committee.

The motion was agreed to.

It was then agreed, after a long discussion, that the committee should consist of twenty-five members, to be nominated by the House, and all gentlemen of the long robe members of the House. The nomination of the committee produced another debate, and Mr. NEWDEGAT having moved that the debate be adjourned, Lord J. RUSSELL consented to defer the motion for the nomination until the following day.

PROBATES AND LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.

The House then went into committee upon the Probates and Letters of Administration Bill, and discussed at much length the compensation clauses and certain new clauses, including one moved by Mr. Malins, giving to proctors by way of compensation an annual payment during life equal to one-half of their net proctorial profits. Mr. Malins stated that this clause was identical with one inserted in the Government bills of 1855 and 1856, and that the proctors were willing, if it should be adopted, to relinquish the qualified monopoly of business secured to them by the bill.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, upon the understanding that the proctors gave up their monopoly of business not only in the Testamentary Court, but in the

Marriage and Divorce Court and the Court of Admiralty, so that all the courts might be thrown open, he thought the Government were pledged to the proposal of last year, from which he would not retire.

It was then agreed that the clauses necessary upon this alteration should be added to the Bill on recommitment pro forma.

The 5th was ordered to be reported as amended.

The General Board of Health Continuance Bill was read a third time and passed.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords sat only for a short time on Tuesday night, and the business was not of a character to demand any detailed report.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE OATHS BILL.

The adjourned debate on the nomination of a select committee on the oaths taken by members was resumed, and ultimately a list proposed by Lord J. Russell was assented to, the names of Sir F. Thesiger and Sir F. Kelly being omitted at their own desire.

DIVORCE.

Mr. WARENS moved to defer the committee upon the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Bill for three months. He complained of the breathless haste with which this bill was urged through the House. He remarked that the Commissioners, upon whose report the bill proceeded, were not unanimous, and that their report contradicted the statement of the Attorney-General, that the bill made no material alteration in our marriage law, which, he maintained, regarded the marriage as indissoluble. He traced the origin of legislative divorces—which, he said, he said against the spirit of our jurisprudence—to reasons of private convenience. He further insisted that the Gospel declared in plain language the marriage union to be indissoluble.

Mr. BATHURST hoped that no further delay would be interposed to the progress of the bill, the principle of which had received the most distinct and deliberate sanction of the House. The details could be discussed, he said, in the committee. Mr. STUART seconded and supported Mr. Warren's amendment. He urged the serious consequences of forcing the consciences of the clergy in this matter, warning the House of the example furnished by the Scotch clergy in a question of conscience.

Mr. GUTHRIE supported the bill, but should vote against the provision that would compel clergymen against their conscience to solemnise a marriage between divorced parties.

Mr. HOPE strongly opposed the bill, as did Mr. COLEMAN, who to the opinion of Lord Campbell that marriage by the law of England was indissoluble, opposed that of Lord Wensleydale, which was clearly diverse. Mr. BUTT invited a comparison between the morality of Italy, where marriage was indissoluble, and that of Scotland, where divorce was allowed.

Mr. GLADSTONE said he considered the decision of the House one which, however he lamented it, he was bound to respect; he therefore confined himself to certain explanations, personal, and in reference to historical facts in question between the Attorney-General and himself.

The amendment was negatived, and the House went into committee on the bill. Upon resuming the eighth clause, the chairman was ordered to report progress.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE GAME LAWS.

Mr. COLVILLE obtained an order for return of the number of persons confined in each jail in England and Wales for offences against the Game Laws during the year ending the 31st day of December, 1856, stating the period for which each prisoner was ordered to be confined, the nature of the offence committed, &c., &c.

TROOPS FOR INDIA.

Colonel NORTH asked the House for sending only 140 men to the East Indies, as the complement of a troop of Horse Artillery, when the war complement of such a troop was 253 men.

Sir J. RAMSDEN said it was done in compliance with a requisition made to the Home Government by the East India Company. That requisition specified the number to be sent; but additional reinforcements had been asked for, and would be despatched.

SIR THOMAS WILSON AND HAMPESTEAD HEATH.

Mr. MALLES moved the second reading of the Leases and Sales of Settled Estates Act Amendment Bill.

Lord R. GOSWEN said the object of the bill was to repeal the clauses of an Act passed last session, to prevent the enclosure of Hampstead Heath and restrain Sir T. M. Wilson from building thereon. He contended that this act did no injury to Sir T. M. Wilson, and as regarded his wish to build on waste land near Hampstead Heath, no objection would be offered to it. He moved the second reading of the bill that day three months.

Mr. SPENCER supported the bill, as did Mr. NAPIER.

Mr. BUTT looked upon the measure as a public bill for the private relief of Sir T. M. Wilson, and considered that if that gentleman wanted relief he should apply to the House in a proper manner.

After some remarks from Mr. Henley, Sir D. Norreys, Sir H. Willoughby, and Mr. Malins.

Mr. WHITESIDE said that a more rank piece of injustice it was impossible to perpetrate than that proposed by the rejection of the bill. He had the Attorney-General's authority for stating that he was induced to consent to the clauses being introduced in the Act of last year on the representation of the metropolitan Members that they, or their constituents, intended to purchase the property. But the fact was they could not do so.

Sir J. GRANHAM said in his judgment, injustice had been done to Sir T. M. Wilson. To make Hampstead Heath cut off available by the public for public purposes, the gravest injustices would be inflicted on him without purchasing his rights. As for enclosing or building upon, the Heath, that could not be done without a special Act of Parliament.

The House then divided, when the second reading was carried by 77 to 50.

The House then went into a committee of supply, adjourning at an early hour.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE MILITIA.

The Marquis of SALISBURY, on the question of the second reading of the Militia Bill, expressed a hope that every encouragement would be given to enlistment from the militia into the line.

Lord PANMURE said that every facility would be given to such enlistments.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE thought no army could be complete and efficient in the field unless it had reserves to draw upon. The militia at home stood in this relation to the army in India, and therefore the determination of the Government to embody the militia if necessary had his cordial support.

The bill was then read a second time.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF OUDE.

Lord CAMPBELL presented a petition from the Queen and Princesses of Oude, expressing surprise and regret at the mutiny of the sepoys and the imprisonment of the ex King of Oude under suspicion of being concerned in the mutiny. The petitioners, in the name of the ex King, denied all complicity in the revolt, and expressed unshaken fidelity to the British Government.

After some conversation, the petition was withdrawn, owing to an informality, the words "humbly pray" being omitted.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DIVORCE BILL.

The House went again into committee on this bill, commencing with the 8th clause, specifying the judges who were to constitute the full court.

On the discussion of the ninth clause of the bill, the Government were much pressed, as the existing country machinery was to be swept away, to provide some local jurisdiction, and an amendment was moved by Mr. Drummond (which he subsequently withdrew, as being informal), empowering the Judge-Ordinary, within certain limitations, to authorise the County Courts to try cases and decree judicial separation.

On arriving at the 10th clause, the chairman was ordered to report progress.

WILLS OF BRITISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.

Sir F. KELLY moved the third reading of the Wills, &c., of British Subjects Abroad Bill, which, after a few remarks by the Attorney-General, was agreed to, and the bill passed.

HAMPESTEAD HEATH.

On the order for going into committee upon the Leases and Sales of Settled Estates Act Amendment Bill,

Mr. COX moved to defer the committee for three months, but this motion was negatived, and the House went into committee on the bill.

Mr. AYTON moved that the Chairman leave the chair, and upon a division this motion was carried by a majority of 1—45 to 44.

After some further business, the House adjourned.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

The Emperor and Empress of the French arrived at Osborne early on Thursday morning. Their Majesties' visit to the English Court will be strictly private. It will terminate on Monday.

BISHOP BLONFIELD died on Wednesday night from an epileptic attack.

SIX SERGANTS OF MARINES left Portsmouth on Wednesday evening for a sail in a frail "dingy." Wrote off the Nab Light one of the men made a bet to climb the mast of the flimsy craft. He did so, but his weight capized the boat, and he and two of his comrades were drowned. One man was in the water all night, sustaining himself with an oar! he was then picked up by a collier. The others saved themselves by clinging to the boat.

TITLE-PAGE, PREFACE, AND INDEX TO VOL. IV. of the "Illustrated Times" are now ready, and may be obtained of the agents, price 1d., or Free by Post from the Office for Two Stamps.

Cases for Binding Vol. IV. are also ready, price 3s.

POSTAL DISTRICT MAP OF LONDON,
(Size 2 Feet 3 Inches by 3 Feet.)

The above may still be procured of the Agents for the "Illustrated Times," but it will not be sold separately from No. 101 of the Paper, the price of which, with the Map is 5d.; or the Map and Paper will be sent, Post free, from the Office, on the receipt of Seven Stamps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. Preston.—The rate of postage to the United States of an unstamped copy of the "Illustrated Times," is One Penny; prepayment is compulsory. We cannot take the trouble to look up the other information you ask for.

J. W. T. Norwich.—More, of course. We are surprised at such a silly question being put to us.

GEORGE.—In replying to this correspondent, we may state generally that our occupations do not admit of our performing the tasks which inconsiderate correspondents attempt to thrust upon us.

. The space we have devoted to the accounts of the Indian mutiny and of the operations in the Canton River, has obliged us to omit many articles of interest. Our column of "Inner Life of the House of Commons" and the usual notices of the monthly magazines are among those omitted.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S VISIT.

It cannot be denied that the French Emperor shows a great deal of activity, and, as the vulgar phrase goes, earns his money. He flies out of town to get fresh air every now and then; but is always turning up doing business—receiving deputations, or ambassadors, or kings, or somebody or other—and all this with the perpetual excitement arising from the consciousness that he may be shot at any time by a private enthusiast. There is something instructive in such a spectacle—the spectacle of a king's trying to do his work, in fact, and which is so rare in modern times. It must rise, or trade slackens, or the grapes look bad, every eye is turned on this man, to see what he is going to do. His royal trappings are a kind of livery of the sovereign people; and his pomp, as major domo, involves all the commonplace work of a steward. There is a kind of satisfaction—at once to the man who regrets the old kings, and the man who detests all kings—in seeing this modern king and of sovereign in full play: at once courting the people and keeping them down—embodying sham feudal splendour with a terror of every determined fellow who has a garret in St. John's—courting the Church without religion—praising liberty from under the protection of a half-million of bayonets—followed without being loved—and kotod to without bayonets! Such a peculiar monarch could only exist in a queer, seemingly, practical, prosaic kind of an age like our own.

Well, then, Sovereign has come over to pay a visit to our Sovereign; and it is curious to speculate on their relative political positions. Of course he does not come only to interchange remarks with her Majesty on the hear, the last opera by Verdi, and the non-appearance of the emperor. Politics is the business of his life; and the Alliance the central point of European politics—unless things have much changed for the worse.

We may presume that the first topic between the two Sovereigns is India—the Emperor beginning with polite condolences—and volunteering a passage through France to British troops should her Majesty (which is not, however, very likely) desire to send a few regiments overland. Indeed, this is pretty well all that the Emperor can do for us in that matter—though we strongly suspect there will be Frenchmen, Russians, and other foreigners, flocking to India, if the mutiny should result in a regular war for the recovery of that country—with no intention, however, of taking up arms on our side.

Somewhat, India suggests Russia, and the Treaty, and the Principalities. It is an awkward but a natural transition. When the Principalities come on the tapis, the situation must be a delicate one. French and English interests have been opposed lately there, and at this moment the Emperor is able to boast of having quashed opposition at the Porte to his policy; the English Commissioner having been rendered unpopular during the process. He is master of the situation, therefore; and he is so in conjunction with Russia against England. May he not inquire what our policy is going to be about the Principalities? At present, nobody understands it, and the correspondence from the spot gives no clue. We are said to be "impartial" about the Union; but it seems that we have been working against it, with no ally but that Austria whose "occupation" was such a heavy curse to the people—and with the more popular party against us. The Moldavian elections, and their repudiation by France, is the last phase of the difficulty; a point, by the way, on which her Majesty must have peculiar reflections, when she remembers what she has read of the elections in her Ally's own dominions, not long ago. But politics would be impossible if potentates indulged in a sense of humour. So, without any reference to such little inconsistencies, we must fancy her Majesty gravely bearing the model electioneerer, and delicately discussing the possible return of Reschid Pacha to power and a compromise of the disputes, to save our poor friend the Porte from this ruinous interruption of all improvement by controversy. This Principalities question is, however, too wide for settlement in the space at the disposal of these Monarchs just now. It will be a very tough bone to pick at some more distant time.

May we venture to suppose that the Revolution occupies a little of the conversation of these great personages? His French Majesty has a standing fight with it; but just at present he is in the curious position of having proclaimed the existence of a vast plot against himself, and having scarce any plotters to show. "Documentary" evidence is wanting against one man; others deny all knowledge of the affair; and so forth. Under such circumstances, it is scarcely probable that he can propose plans for setting political refugees from London—especially as the Bow Street Police court lies open to him (as to all others) against such refugees as form plans of assassination. Besides, the Revolution at present is decidedly at a discount. Among ourselves, Chartism is so decadent that we view without apprehension the departure of the flower of our troops for India; and on the Continent, there may be sparks flying, but no fire is raging. We are also to have a fine harvest everywhere; a plentiful growth of the two noblest natural productions (as Disraeli justly calls them), corn and grapes. There is little need, therefore, of alarm on this side of affairs; and a moderate policy towards all revolutionists is demanded in honour from a Sovereign with the antecedents and the position of the Emperor of the French.

Say what his admirers will, that potentate is not so popular in this country as he was on the occasion of his last visit. But he may be sure of our respect while he is true to the great principles of the Alliance; and we hope that the events of this week have strengthened and are strengthening it.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS

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THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS

THE circles in the waters of controversy, which were originally made by a stone thrown in by the "Saturday Review," have widened considerably, and have indeed formed a vortex in which many publications are whirling around. The article in the "Edinburgh Review" (noticed by me last week) has drawn forth a very clever and pointed answer from Mr. Dickens, which has appeared in "Household Words." The unfortunate Edinburgh Reviewer quoted the case of Mr. Rowland Hill as an instance of the desire of the Government to have the right man in the right place, and Mr. Dickens proves satisfactorily and statistically that every possible obstacle was thrown in Mr. Hill's way, and that it was not until the end of seventeen years' hard, patient battling that he obtained his present position as the reward of his exertions. Mr. Dickens further contemptuously alludes to the charge of his having founded the catastrophe in "Little Dorrit" upon the fall of the houses in Tottenham Court Road, stating that not only had the crisis been carefully worked up to from the commencement of the book, but that the matter had actually been printed before the accident happened. I think, Sir, the Saturday Reviewers have had enough of it, and are already beginning to draw in their horns; they have not fired a gun since the last broadside from the "Leader." In their notice of Mr. Thackeray's lecture on "Week-Day Preachers," they made several complimentary allusions to Mr. Dickens, and last week they went out of their way to give a very laudatory article of the acting of the "Frozen Deep" in general, and of Mr. Dickens in particular. Articles concerning in very strong terms upon these base attacks upon an honoured name have appeared in the "Cricket," the "Mudcat World," and the "Train"; and I understand that the mighty "Athenaeum" itself will shortly speak. The author of the article in this month's number of the "Train" seems to me to have a clear insight into the question, when he says that Mr. Dickens dies in the face of political economy, forgetting that its great masters are working to the same end as himself—the good government of society—while his opponents do not add to the force of their remarks upon his political principles, when they endeavour to detract from his wonderful literary merit.

I congratulate the gentlemen of the Civil Service upon the signal victory they have gained in the matter of the Superintending Magistrate. Undismayed by the dulcet bravings of the piece-making Reel, or the Jesuitical sophistry of G. M. M., the House of Commons, by a very simple majority, has rejected the Civil Servants of the Crown from the payment of a deferred impost, and has put an end to what was in fact a gigantic swindle. The utmost credit is due to Lord North for the manner and determined manner in which he carried the cause of the petitioners' triumph, in the face of a furious opposition.

Rigid moralists will gladly accept a current rumour, to the effect that Colonel Maudslayi, the Duke of Cambridge's equerry (who recently figured as a defendant in one of those cases which, under the new law, are to be heard of no more), has been forbidden the Court for a period of twelve months. The eminent aide-de-camp was not present at the distribution of the Victoria Cross, nor has he been invited to any of the Palace festivities since the publication of the trial.

The success of Mr. W. H. Russell has apparently started a new school of literature. "Special correspondents" disclaim any connection with the vulgar art of "reporting," and think it now their solemn duty, not only to be highly erudite and intensely comic, but to chronicle events passing before their eyes with the minutest accuracy. The special correspondent of the "Times" in China nearly filled half the paper one day this week. This gentleman, a Mr. Wintrose Cooke, author of one or two tolerably well-known works, is an observant writer, and possesses a good power of description, but it is a little too verbose.

The Jerrild fund progresses excellently, although the amount has not yet reached £2,000, as was stated last week by a contemporary. When this sum is attained, the exertions of the committee will cease. Mr. Dickens's reading of the "C" at Manchester produced upwards of £200 profit, and it is intended to give two representations of the "Frozen Deep" at the same place, when, however, the female characters will be sustained by professional actresses. The rumour as to Mr. Jerrild having let six bonded a year to his family is still current, and doubtless prejudices the operations of the committee in the minds of many. This rumour is utterly untrue, and might at once be set at rest by a line from his executor to the newspapers, in contradiction.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN—MISS A. M. QUINN—THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS. The great feature of the Jerrild night at the Adelphi was the return to the stage of Mr. T. P. Cooke. The first piece, "The Rent Day," was well played, listened to with becoming attention, and duly applauded (in it, by the way, Mr. Wright did a little bit of drunkenness in the most finished and artistic manner); but the enthusiasm was reserved until, with the well-known jump and run, the veteran bounded on to the stage. He was tremendously cheered by the audience, while the "supers" acting sailors, headed by the evergreen John Saunders, the last remaining link of the old company, gave him a special hurrah. I do not think I am wrong in saying Mr. T. P. Cooke must be seventy-three years old; I am certain I am right in saying that on that night one would not have judged him to be above five-and-thirty. His dancing, his pantomime, his full-flavoured contempt for landmen, his bits of fun and sentiment—were as excellent and as graphic as ever. He was admirably supported by Mr. Buckstone, whose comic hornpipe, given without music and with the utmost gravity, was inimitable. Mr. T. P. Cooke has during the last week been playing in "Black-eyed Susan" at the Haymarket with the greatest success.

"Freecy," Sir, is always an unpleasant quality, but on the stage—where you find "My name is Norval"—reciting children forced prematurely into bad professions—it is specially objectionable. There is a little undersized girl now at the Haymarket, who, we learn from the bills, is "Miss Anna Maria Quinn, from the principal theatres in Australia" (Heaven save the mark!) who has the wizened face and prancing gait peculiar to all precocities, and who chuckles and laughs and jumps about, reminding one of Mrs. Barney Williams seen through the wrong end of the lognette.

It appears that we unfortunate Londoners are compelled to suffer yet more and more from the blacks. Christy's Minstrels, whose reputation stands very high in New York, have arrived at the St. James's Theatre. They look very like the original serenaders, and play the same instruments—banjo, bones, tambourine, &c. They sing more sentimentally than comic ditties, and some of them dance wildly and grotesquely enough. I fear, however, that their visit, so far as London is concerned, will be a failure: town is fast emptying, the season is over, and the Christy Minstrels bring no striking original melody, and do not sufficiently differ from their predecessors, to attract the few people who remain.

CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON.

Both the Operas are now closed. Mr. Lumley, when his season was almost at an end, distinguished himself by executing, in the most chivalrous manner, a promise which had been contained in the programme of the rival opera, but which the director of the Lyceum neglected to fulfil. That is to say, he brought out the "Marriage of Figaro," which every one had expected to hear at the Royal Italian Opera, and thus returned Mr. Gye's pleasant of about two months since, when "Don Giovanni," which had been advertised at her Majesty's Theatre, as about to be produced with "an unprecedented cast," was suddenly played at the Lyceum with one which, if not "unprecedented," was certainly in the present day unsurpassable. With respect to the "Marriage of Figaro," it may be stated, that the cast was more than equal to the "unprecedented" one of "Don Giovanni." Piccolomini made a fresh success as Susanna, and was especially fortunate in the duet with Orlolani ("Soli arie"). Spiza was the Cherubino, and the other parts were played by Beletti, Corsi, Belati, &c. The orchestra was good—marvellously good, compared with what it was at the commencement of the season. In the course of our remarks on the performances at her Majesty's Theatre, we have often had occasion to criticise—or, to speak more plainly, to condemn—M. Bonetti's band, and to protest in the name of those who have ears against its coarseness and loudness. At the commencement of the season, the orchestra not only overpowered the principal

singers, it even overpowered the chorus, and as a matter of course turned the audience. However, before the season had advanced very far, there was a notable improvement, and in the "Cenerentola," and the "Marriage of Figaro," the accompaniments were played with an amount of delicacy, which, to those who had only heard the "Favorita" and the "Puritani," in the month of May, must have appeared astounding.

It was in the former of the two last-mentioned operas that Giuglini made his first appearance. But the first part in which he was heard to his full advantage was that of Arturo in the "Puritani." The music of Ferando, although it gave the new tenor an opportunity of showing his superiority to all others who have made their debut in England during the last eight or ten years, at the same time called for more physical power than Giuglini possessed. In Arturo, however, he found exactly the music which suited his voice and execution. He was especially admirable in the beautiful air of the last act, when he sang with the greatest purity, and in the quartet, "A te o cara," which, owing to his charming delivery of the first sixteen bars, was always encores. The next opera in which Giuglini appeared was the "Lucia." His first act was the best (his singing in the duet with Lucia being almost perfect), while the least remarkable part of his performance was the celebrated finale. The reason of this was simple enough. Giuglini is an excellent singer, but an indifferent actor, and the *habitués* of the opera, when they hear the last act of the "Lucia," cannot help thinking of Duprez and Moriani, while some go so far as to remember Hubini.

In the "Traviata," Giuglini produced little effect in the drinking song, but sang the air in the second act to perfection.

Two *prima donne* have appeared with success at her Majesty's Theatre during the present season. Orlolani was especially fortunate in her execution of Elvira's music in the "Puritani." Madame Spiza came out in the "Favorita," and owed a large portion of the applause she obtained to her great histrionic talents.

The Piccolomini *furor* has raged with undiminished warmth throughout the whole season. We differ entirely from the public as to the merits of this young lady. The "delightful piquancy," about which so many of our contemporaries rave, appears to us nothing but pertness. Her acting of the principal part in the "Traviata" has always been a mistake. A "traviata," to have the success which the heroine of the "Dance aux Candelas" attained, must necessarily not have the manners of her class. A young woman may be deficient in morality, and at the same time extremely lady-like (just as Don Giovanni is eminently a gentleman in his outward bearing); and according to Violetta, in the first act of the "Traviata," we have no occasion to be like one of the celebrities of the Bal Mabul. We do not deny that in some portions of the opera Piccolomini's acting is truly pathetic; but her execution of the "Libretto," and, above all, of the *bravura* air which ends the first act, is in the worst—by which we simply mean the most incorrect—taste. In the "Lucia," to some popular vocalist failed to convey any idea of the gentle heroine. Lucy Ash on was a young lady, and had nothing of the "traviata" about her; and although it is quite proper (in fiction) for young ladies to meet their lovers in woods, groves, or any other convenient and secluded spot, they are not in the habit (at least we think not) of making love to their admirers, and throwing their arms round their necks. In the *finale* to the second act (admirably performed by all who took part in it) Piccolomini displayed real feeling, and as far as the acting of that particular scene is concerned, we must give her the most unqualified praise. We must also add that she obtained very great success as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," and she certainly sang "Batti, batti," very charmingly. Indeed, the scene of the reconciliation between Zerlina and Masetto, afforded Mlle. Piccolomini an opportunity of displaying many of her best qualities; although in this, as in all her parts, her acting was somewhat exaggerated. In our opinion, the character of Norma in the "Elixir of Love," suits Mlle. Piccolomini better than any she has yet represented.

Of Albani it is unnecessary to speak at length. Everyone is aware that she is the greatest singer of the day.

Among the *débütants*, we must not forget Signor Corsi, who, by his performance of Nino, and afterwards of Masetto, proved himself to be an artist of a high class.

Rossi, the buffo, who made his first appearance last season, maintained by his acting and singing in the "Elixir" and "Cenerentola," the high reputation which he then acquired.

Belletti, a long-established favourite at her Majesty's Theatre, has continued to merit his well-earned success.

At the Lyceum, there has not been much novelty. The same admirable company which we have so often had occasion to praise, have continued to perform the same operas which they were in the habit of representing last season. Two works, however, have been produced which had never been represented before on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera—the "Traviata" and "Fra Diavolo." We have several times called attention to Madame Bosio's graceful ladylike demeanour in the principal part of the "Traviata," and above all to the talent she exhibits in reconciling us to a character which, considered merely in an artistic point of view, is offensive. In Bosio's performance the loving and suffering side of the character is especially displayed. Her singing, however, would alone have made the part one of her greatest successes—a success which could only be compared to her previous ones in Gilda and Norina.

Of "Fra Diavolo" we have so recently spoken, that there is no occasion now to add a word to our former remarks.

Among the new singers, we must first of all mention Mlle. Baffe. The name of this young vocalist has predisposed the entire audience in her favour on the night of her first appearance, and she certainly justified in the fullest manner the good intentions of the public. Her voice is a pure soprano, slightly veiled (said, correctly or otherwise, to be the result of recent severe study), not very penetrative, but highly sympathetic. In the "Sonnambula" (the opera in which she made her debut) she was especially fortunate in the sleep-walking scene of the second act, and again in the sleep-walking scene of the third. Without being a great actress, Mlle. Baffe has considerable dramatic instinct, and, as we have already remarked, there can be little doubt that before she loses those qualities of youth and freshness, for which scarcely anything can compensate, she will exhibit histrionic talent of no ordinary degree. Mlle. Baffe afterwards appeared with great success in the "Lucia."

Mlle. Parepa, another *débütante*, arriving here with a great continental reputation, appeared in the "Puritani," and sang the music of Elvira in a manner which proved the possession of great vocal talent. Mlle. Parepa has a beautiful voice, perfectly fresh, and at the same time thoroughly cultivated. Only appearing once at the Lyceum, she had not much opportunity of becoming a favourite with the theatrical public, but she was one of the most popular vocalists at the Crystal Palace concerts.

Mario, who has never sung better than during the present season, and never acted so well, was prevented several times by illness from making his appearance after he had been advertised to do so. On these occasions he was replaced by Neri Barsdi, who has thus had several opportunities of distinguishing himself as a very promising tenor.

Signor Gardoni has appeared in various operas, and generally with great success. But of good tenors he is the least robust now on the stage, and his Marquis (in "Fra Diavolo") was quite unsuited to him.

Ronconi continues to be the best comic, and by far the best tragic vocalist on the stage; and Graziani is still the best baritone singer of the day.

We must not forget that Madame Crisi proved by her performance of the part of Donna Anna, that she can play that part now at least as well as at any previous period of her career; nor can we omit to mention that Mlle. Didée is still the admirable contralto of the last and previous seasons. Mlle. Didée's greatest success has been achieved in the part of Azucena, in the "Trovatore." Madame Devries, who appeared early in the season, as the heroine in "Maria di Rohan," did not sing in any other opera; but she was very successful at the Crystal Palace concerts.

Madame Murai, as *seconda donna*, has been highly efficient, and continued throughout the season to be a great favourite with the audience.

Of course with the season of the Royal Italian Opera the concerts at the Crystal Palace come to an end. Certainly these concerts are the most agreeable that were ever organised; partly, no doubt, because they take place in the most agreeable of all places of amusement. If Mr. Gye's company have had the smallest and hottest opera-house ever known for their theatrical representations, they have, on the other hand, had the largest and coolest music-hall in the country for their concerts.



LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE TEMPLE.—(PAINTED BY E. M. WARD, R.A., FROM THE MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.)

PICTURES AT THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

Mr. E. M. Ward occupies, in one respect, the same position in English art, which was formerly held in French art by M. Paul Delaroche. He is the recognised painter of the calamities of monarchs and other elevated personages. Delaroche (with whose executive talent our present remarks have nothing whatever to do), persisted during his whole career in impressing upon the public two undeniable truths—that the magnates of the world have their misfortunes like the rest of mankind, and that we must all die! Even Queen Elizabeth died, and though her death was a natural, it was at the same time a very violent one, if we are to judge by M. Delaroche's celebrated picture. The grocer's wife

who walks through the gallery of the Luxembourg, looks at this painting, and easily consoles herself for not having been Queen Elizabeth. Her little boys have the representation of the Princes in the Tower pointed out to them, and think themselves very lucky not to have been "Les Enfants d'Edouard," while her philosophic husband, remembering another of the works of M. Delaroche on the subject of Charles I., thanks his stars that he was not born King of England, to be beheaded and have his body gazed at by the author of his destruction.

Mr. E. M. Ward has been especially struck by the misfortunes of Louis XVI. and his family—a subject which has suggested to him several admirable paintings, one of which is now for the second time before the

public at the Manchester Exhibition. Of this painting we publish an engraving on the present page.

The story of the King's confinement in the prison of the Temple is one of the most touching in French history, and is only surpassed in pathos by that of the young Prince's treatment, by Simon, the brutal cobbler-jailer, after Louis himself had been executed. When Louis XVI. was first removed to the Temple, he was still legally King, according even to the law of that period. It was not until some time afterwards that he was formally deprived of his royalty, though his title was taken from him without any form at all, as soon as he fell into the hands of the Commune of Paris. He was attended in his prison by men who not only treated him with disrespect, but at the same time persecuted him perpetually by their incessant interference. In Mr. Ward's picture we see the jailers in the room adjoining the one occupied by the King; this room they are converting into a cabaret, and one of the party is puffing the smoke from his pipe into the royal chamber. But Mr. Ward might, without violating history, have shown us the jailers in the King's own apartment. Indeed, they seldom left the monarch and his family alone, and were always present at their meals; after which, if their libations had been tolerably copious, they would dance and sing the "Ca ira" and the "Ça magnole," varied by some of the obscene ballads of the day.

Our readers are aware that the Princess de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel accompanied the Royal captives to their prison, and remained with them as long as they were allowed to do so, when, however, only a few days.

Mr. Ward has a water-colour drawing in the Manchester Exhibition from his large picture of "The Last Sleep of Argyll," of which also we publish an engraving.

After the Marquis of Argyll had remained some time a prisoner in the Tower of London, he was sent for trial to Edinburgh. "The Marquis," says Sir George Mackenzie in his Memoirs, "did in a long and serious speech represent his own condition most advantageously; in which, after he had enumerated all the favours that the last King and this had put upon him, he desired them to consider how impossible it was that he would have entertained any design which might have tended to their dishonour; and entreated those who were capable to understand when these things for which he was challenged were acted, what was the carriage of all the kingdom at that time, and how both themselves and others were led in without any rebellious inclination; besides which, he had been the last who had entered into the confederacy, and had taken the Covenant. What he did was but self-defence; and being the effect of force, could not amount to a crime."

The manner of his execution being put to the vote, it was decided that he should be beheaded, and that his head should be placed on the Tolbooth, where Montrose's head had formerly stood. He was then ordered to kneel and receive his sentence. After it was pronounced, he remarked that he had put the crown on the King's head at his coronation, and that he "hoped God would bestow on him a crown of glory." Immediately before his death he gave his watch (which in Mr. Ward's picture is lying on a table by his bedside) to the Earl of Caithness, telling him with a smile that "it was fit that men should pay their debts; and that, therefore, having made him a promise of that watch, he would perform it now."

A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN LOWER NORMANDY.

THROUGHOUT the whole of the southern and we may almost say the midland counties of England, the great bulk of the harvest will be reaped and garnered ere the present number of this journal is in the hands of its readers. On the Continent the crops are in even a more forward state, and already we have received intelligence of the prolific harvest which our French neighbour have been blessed with. In the purely rural districts

of France, old customs, spite of the many revolutions that have somewhat changed the face of things, still prevail, and one of the more curious of these is a Harvest Festival, which is celebrated in Normandy when the corn of the harvest has been all thrashed with the exception of a single sheaf. This sheaf, it seems, is decorated with ribbons and flowers, and placed in a corner of the barn firmly secured to a stake by hidden cords. The farm labourers then walk over to the residence of the landlord; but should they not find him at home, they proceed at once to the farm house, and beg the assistance of the farmer and his wife to aid them in lifting a sheaf, which, with their united efforts, they say they have been unable to move. The farmer and his wife accompany them to the barn, and after some little exertion manage to break the cords by which the sheaf is secured. A procession is now formed, headed by two men with brooms, who delight in raising a cloud of dust under pretext that they are simply making a clean path. Then follow the farmer and his wife carrying the sheaf, preceded, however, by their children, who hold in their hands a few ears of corn. If any strangers happen to be present, the young damsels hand them bouquets of wild flowers, and some pretty girl is generally carried in triumph round the thrashing floor, which is fixed in the open field. The most skillful winnowers occupy the next place in the procession, and as he advances with his fan filled with corn, he agitates it, and causes the husks to whisk through the air. Last of all come the stalwart thrashers, who follow in a body, and with their flails beat the ground, keeping time with their songs. The whole of the procession having gone round the thrashing floor, the sheaf is thrown down, its hands broken, and a few shots fired, and thus ends the ceremony. A loaf of bread is now brought forth and a huge roll of butter, together with sundry bottles of wine. Everyone present is invited to eat and drink, and as soon as the bread and wine are demolished, the remaining sheaf is thrashed amid the joyful acclamations of the lookers-on.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

AMONG the numerous articles of dress now preparing for the country and the sea-side there are many basquines of white piqué. Some are elaborately trimmed with needle work; others, intended for a very plain style of morning dress, are simply edged with braid or with narrow white fringe.

The Indian Tusore silk is much in vogue for dresses and mantles, and many mantles of this silk are made in the bournouse form. They are very effectual protectives of a lady's dress from the injurious effects of dust and the rays of the sun—no matter how powerful these rays, they have no destructive influence on the colour of the Tusore. Dresses made of this material are very pretty with double skirts



THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLL.—(FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY E. M. WARD, R.A., IN THE MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.)



HARVEST FETE IN LOWER NORMANDY.

trimmed with coloured braid, such as blue or pink. The old fashion of wearing caneous (or, as they used to be called, pelerines) of white lace or muslin, has been revived. Many dresses of muslin, barège, and silk, have recently been made with low corsages, for the purpose of being worn with caneous, which, as well as the under-sleeves, are trimmed with a pro-

fusion of coloured ribbon, disposed in runnings, bows, &c., thus producing a very showy effect.

In Paris printed muslin is a favourite material for dresses intended for evening negligé. Some of these printed muslin dresses have been made in exquisite style, the skirts being covered with flounces of graduated

width, and disposed alternately, one of muslin and one of lace. The sleeves are trimmed in corresponding style.

We cannot exactly venture to assert that the reign of basques is drawing to a close, and yet it is nevertheless certain that they have become much less numerous than heretofore. Corsages with ceintures are now



MORNING DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.



EVENING DRESSES

very much in favour. Frequently the corsage is slightly pointed at the back, as well as in front, which gives a very elegant tournure to the waist. In evening dress the corsage is sometimes half high, and shaped square in front. This is called the *Corsage à la Raphaël*.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Of the four figures portrayed, two represent ladies in evening, and two ladies in morning costume. We will commence by describing the former. The lady whose face is seen in profile, wears a robe of mallow-colour tulle, with two skirts, each edged with a beautiful wreath of foliage embroidered in green silk. The upper skirt has below the wreath a ruche of tulle. The corsage, which is pointed at the waist, has draperies *à la Scigini*, and is ornamented with embroidery in green silk. The Grecian sleeves, open in front of the arm, are ornamented with embroidery in green silk, and edged with a ruche of tulle. The under sleeves are short, and consist of three bouillons, or puffs, of white tulle illusion. The head-dress consists of a wreath of green foliage, worn at the back of the head. The leaves of the wreath are covered with brilliant frosting. A Chinese fan, and bracelets of gold and amethyst, complete the costume.

The figure which is turned so as to show the back of the dress, represents a robe of clear white muslin. The skirt is flounced in a novel style. It has three broad flounces, above each of which there is one of narrower width set on in quilings. In the edge of each flounce there is a running of pink ribbon. Over the corsage is worn a shawl berthe, pointed in the front and at the back of the waist, and trimmed with a narrow band of tulle with runnings of pink ribbon. The corsage of muslin, which is fastened at the back of the waist in a bow with very long ends, is trimmed, like other parts of the dress, with quilings edged with runnings of ribbon. The head-dress is a cache-peigne of pink hortensia, intermingled with bows of Mecklin lace; the bracelets are of plain gold.

The figure with the bonnet and mantle wears a muslin robe with broad stripes of green and white. The skirt has two broad flounces, and at the edge of each a stripe of the muslin is set on transversely. The mantle is of white muslin, richly worked, and lined with green crêpe lisse. A bow of ribbon fastens the hood, which is trimmed with ruches of muslin. The bonnet is of white tulle, trimmed with roses. The necklace consists of white moire antique edged with a deep fall of Maltese lace.

The lady with the cap wears one of the new muslin dresses, of Glasgow manufacture, which have been so very fashionable during this warm summer. The dress is of very thin lilac muslin, with flounces figured with lilac spots, and a broad band of lilac at the edge. The corsage is without a basque, and round the waist is worn a corsage of very broad ribbon, in white and lilac chequers, and fastened in a bow and flowing ends in front of the waist. Within the corsage, which is slightly open in front, is worn a chemise of lace, finished with a ruche round the throat. The sleeves have two puffs and two deep frills, figured like the flounces. The under sleeves are simply edged with Mecklin lace, and the cap with Mecklin lace, trimmed with lilac flowers and ribbon.

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

(Continued from Page 62.)

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

"SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

IN the very heart of the enormous city, between the Gate of Lud and the Gate of the Bishop, there is a huge quadrangular mass of frowning granite, likewise dignified by the name of a gate, admission into which is obtained through three narrow, low-browed doors. It is the eye of a needle through which a camel might attempt to pass, but would assuredly stick midway in the attempt. It is a gate that is freely opened to all who knock at it; but its heavy door once closed again, egress is difficult, if not impossible. This is Newgate Prison, whose walls might be built of petrified human hearts, and cemented with human tears. This is Newgate, the implacable, the inexorable, the inevitable, to him who forsakes the narrow path for the broad. It is the only reality—a stern, remorseless reality, in the shadowy land of crime, where all things wear an aspect not their own.

To me, who am a town-bred man, though with but little, I hope, of the cockney in my composition, this jail of Newgate has always been an object of unappeasable interest and of insatiable curiosity. There it stands—stern, menacing, silent in the midst of the teeming, bustling, murmuring city life—alone, impossible; alone indifferent to the great world's doings. It is a desert in the midst of an oasis. Bustling Newgate Market, hard by, overflows with rubicund butchers, and more rubicund housekeepers laying in a stock of good cheer. Over against the prison is the noble house of education, the Bluecoat School, with its hundreds of little lads in their quaint semi-monastic dress, running, and leaping, and shouting, in all the alacrity of youth and innocence. But gloomy Newgate stands aloof, like the usher in Hood's magnificent poem, and whispers awful tales of travellers murdered on lonely heaths, and dead bodies hid in caverns. The Old Bailey has its thronged taverns, and houses of call for jovial graziers; within bowshot on its one side is Ludgate Hill, all wealth and commerce, and glistening with its crowds of city candies and city belles, and Holborn Hill on the other, continually, at the period of which I write, disgorging its rebellious troops of horned cattle, and crowded with lumbering crays. Smithfield, rich in reminiscences of jolly, disorderly, disreputable Bartholomew Fair, is close at hand; the Hospital is there; studious Paternoster Row, redolent with odours of newly-stitched paper, is not far off; the Great Post Office, carrying news and gossip, human thoughts and feelings, the expressions of love and hatred, sympathy and friendship, all over the world, stands at the top of Newgate Street; but the Prison stands still contemptuously disdainful of the turmoil of the working world around it. It is complete in itself. A hundred hospitals may open their beneficent wards to the sick; but what cures Newgate?—it has its infirmary. A hundred bells from as many steeples may ring in the faithful to prayers—Newgate has its chapel, its jail ordinary, its prison communion-tables, its condemned pew. Let the dead bury their dead in as many cemeteries as they choose elsewhere—Newgate buries its own sudden dead within its own precincts, in that dismal corridor where, beneath the flags, moulder a whole hierarchy of assassins. For Newgate is a city within a city, and a world within a world; or rather it is a Cronstadt of crime, whose granite ramparts no broadsides of virtue can shake, and whose barred windows are as embrasures, whence guns of penal calibre point menacingly to the world outside.

On the very same summer afternoon that Philip Leslie was conversing with Lady Baddington in her boudoir in Curzon Street, Mayfair, the carriage of that noble lady's equally noble lord was rolling leisurely through the streets towards the prison, the very mention of whose name has seduced me into the foregoing digression.

The Viscount's carriage (the disgust of the reluctant flunkies behind which, at finding themselves journeying towards so low a locality, can be better imagined than described) drew up at last before the principal entrance of the prison. But ere its occupant descends from it, let us take a brief glance at that noble personage, whom you and I reader, have not seen since a certain wedding-day, in November, eighteen hundred and thirty.

Five years had wrought a marvellous change in Viscount Baddington. You must remember that the Reform Bill had passed since we last met him—a legislative measure which was popularly supposed to be the first step towards bringing about the millennium, and which was to do all sorts of wonderful things for all sorts of people. The contingent effect of the abolition of Gattion and Old Sarum upon his Lordship had been to change him into quite a young man. In 1852, he was with many remnants of the old beau of the Regency about him, he had yet somewhat of a venerable appearance; but now he was, outwardly at least, entirely youthful. Youthful in the possession of a splendid head of curly brown hair; youthful in a pair of bushy whiskers, which would have been a little more natural to

look at had they not been quite so purple in hue; youthful in a dazzling white set of teeth, a tight waist, and blooming cheeks; youthful in a costume in the height of fashion. No more air collars or broad-brimmed hats now; but velvet collar satin stock, underwaistcoats, gold eye-glass, tightly-strapped trousers, and patent-leather boots. That stout hambo stick on which his Lordship seemed to lean somewhat heavily, his hands on its knob, his chin on his hands, was youthful too, in its buckskin sickle-tossels. As to the double gold eye-glass, how many men, quite young, are there who, through study or late hours, are near-sighted? and as for the slight bend in the back, everybody knows what a slovenly nonchalant bearing some young dandies affect. Oh, Lord Baddington was very young indeed in 1835—quite a lad; and as for the wrinkles and the crows' feet, and the yellow, goose-skin-like integument on his temples and his small be-ringed hands, why those were probably freckles incurred during his Lordship's late continental trip—a trip whose dénouement was his bringing to London his young and beautiful bride—when a flock or so of Rowland's Kildor would easily eradicate.

This youthful Peer stepped with a serene briskness from his carriage when it had reached its destination, condescending, however, to make pretty liberal use of his bamboo cane, and the outstretched arm of one of his attendants as he quitted the vehicle. The carriage had been, indeed, so lightly hung on its springs by the accomplished Long Acre coach-builder from whose atelier it had come, that it gave a graceful rebound as the body of the Peer left it; and he, having one foot on the step at the time, was in no manner very much precipitated on his noble nose on the kerb-stone.

Lord Baddington had a special order from the Secretary of State for the Home Department not only to visit the jail of Newgate, but a prisoner confined therein—and who was confined in Newgate on remand previous to his transmission to Ireland, there to purge himself of an accusation of forgery—by name John Pollyblank. The turnkeys in the outer lodge—rough, gruff, curt-poken, and somewhat snappish men in general—clustered obsequiously round the possessor of the fine carriage as he entered, and bowed even lower when the Home Secretary's order was read, and they louted with what a noble visitor they had to deal. The governor was not just then, in the way; but was immediately sent for to conduct his Lordship round the jail, while he, worthy nobleman, for his part went about his business in this wise: You are to know that when prisoners in Newgate are permitted to see their friends, it is only for a short time, and from across a double range of iron bars, in the space between which sits a turnkey. When, again, prisoners have interviews with their solicitors, it is in a room with glass sides, round which waits a turnkey who can see everything, but hear nothing. But Lord Baddington was the bearer of a special order, empowering him to see John Pollyblank to his cell and alone. I doubt it, now-a-days, when *font-eau saint*, and when the smallest laches on the part of authority are commented upon with ruthless severity by an Argus-eyed press, whether even a nobleman could have such a privilege conceded to him by the Secretary of State. But twenty-two years ago, prison discipline was not quite so rigorous, nor the walls within which it was maintained quite so transparent as they now are. In this case the high official's order was an undisputed "open sesame," which was the abode of not forty, but more probably four hundred thieves; and preceded by a turnkey, Lord Baddington traversed a seemingly interminable series of corridors and yards, yards and corridors.

At last they entered a small paved court, two sides of which were studded by cell doors. Opening one of them with a resounding clang, the turnkey called out, "Visitor, No. 45," fell back in order to allow Lord Baddington to pass, closed the cell door again after him, discreetly turned the huge key in the lock—(there was a "Julias," or small trap, open in the door itself) and then, leaning with his back against the wall, fell to staring at the quadrangular patch of blue sky above him with as much intensity and apparent interest as though it had been a view of the Bay of Naples or a panorama of the Battle of Waterloo.

No. 45 was sitting on his bedstead (at whose upper extremity the bed-clothes were artistically rolled up *à la militaire*). No. 45 did not seem to be particularly well pleased with his white-washed parlour. There was a great Bible and Hyam-book on a reading-desk nailed to the wall, but he did not seem to have much inclination to read them. He seemed more occupied in untraying the wool of a silk pocket handkerchief, thread by thread, in whistling with a grim persistency some very dismal air, whose dolorous melody seemed peculiarly adapted to the atmosphere of a prison, and in beating the devil's tattoo with his toe on the stone floor.

"At last!" he said, looking up as the nobleman entered. Lord Baddington did not seem to relish the look or the society generally of No. 45. In truth there was an exceedingly ominous and dangerous look about Jack Pollyblank, or Prof. sor Jaclom, or whatever you may choose to call him. His clothes were as fine as of yore, but they had the unmistakable jail tarnish and midday about them. And his grand and glittering jewelry, where was that? Alas! sequestered by ruthless turnkeys, and safe in prison pigeon-holes.

He was unshaven and dishevelled, and there were brown rings under his eyes. He was not at all a favorable sight to look upon; and so, evidently, thought Lord Baddington, who started—it may be involuntarily—back as the prisoner addressed him; till he bethought him of the open trap in the door, and the turnkey who was sure to be watching outside, which immediately re-assured him.

"Yes, Mr. Polly, Polly—what's his name? Oh, Pollyblank," he answered hastily. "I'm here at last, and I devoutly wish it was to see the last of you. What have you sent for me for?"

"Why, look you here, Governor," the unabashed Pollyblank replied—"you'll excuse the liberty I take in calling you 'Governor,' but it's a way we have in the army, or in Newgate. You see the fix I'm in?"

"You have brought it on yourself."

"I don't deny that for an instant, my ancient," the hardened man continued; "but that's no reason why other people shouldn't try to bring me out of it. I'm here for a forgery matter yonder"—he pointed, as he spoke, to a corner of the stone wall which might be supposed to represent the direction of Ireland—"and my impression is that when I go up before an Irish jury, the verdict will be 'Guilty, my Lord,' against yours truly, and serve him right. I like foreign travel, but the climate of Van Diemen's Land, I am afraid, would have a noxious effect upon my liver. I have a very peculiar liver, and so I'd rather not be transported."

"The best thing that could happen to you," grumbled Lord Baddington. "Mind the difference of opinion, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," continued Pollyblank, with a graceful wave of his hand. "But it isn't alone for this forgery business that I'm in here, else I should a week since have been packed off to Dublin, *via* Liverpool. I am the victim of prejudice, my Lord; and one of those prejudices fomented by that scoundrel Bow Street runner, Leathersides, is, that I have something to do with a large robbery of bank notes, committed some time since; the plain truth of the matter being, that the notes were lost, and that somebody else found them."

"Well, well!" broke in the Peer impatiently. "It is not at all well, well—you'll excuse me," Jack Pollyblank objected. "It's ill, ill, and no mistake, with yours obediently; and if it had been well, I shouldn't have sent for you, my Lord."

"What is it you want?"

"Want! isn't it easy to see what I want? How would you like to be moved up in this white-washed cage like a one-eyed weasel? Want! I want to get off Scot free. Want! why, I want my liberty. I'm a man who live up to my income. I like good wine, pretty girls, and first-rate cigars, watches, chains, good clothes, a trap, and a fast-trotting horse. So did you when you were my age, I'll be bound. So do you now, as far as your powers will let you, my old bird."

"Fellow!" the Peer indignantly exclaimed.

"Follow me no fellows, as the man in the play would say," retorted Pollyblank, rising from his bedstead, and absolutely snapping his profane fingers in the face of the hereditary legislator. "You must get me out of this scrape, old boy, or, so surely as my name's Pollyblank, you'll get into a den of a scrape yourself. Look you here," he continued, holding out his large, coarse palm straight before him, "I hold in my hand the honour of the house of Falcon. You know that your niece was only your nephew's leman, and never his wife. You know that your grand nieces and nephew are all bastards, and that Captain Falcon—Captain and Falcon, forsooth!

—is heir, not to the Baddington Peerage, but to a bar sinister. You know that you gave S. the Fintop and myself a thousand pounds to keep this secret five years since; and that it has been kept, and well kept till now. I want to get out of this infernal place, and to get some more money out of you as a time for renewing the lease of the secret, my old Blake."

"I cannot compound a felony," the perplexed Lord Baddington exclaimed. "I have no power to stay the proceedings against you. As far as I can see, the law must take its course, and—"

"A fig for the law," compounded of felony, proceedings, and all the rest of it. You vote against the Ministry; can't you vote for them? You have shanks of grand friends; can't you make them squeezable? Hang it, man, aren't you a lord?"

He had struck the right keynote. Yes; he was a lord, and there is almost as much divinity belonging one, as that which is fully consciously supposed to hedge a king. And again, the lord's name, like the king's, is a tower of strength. Estates may be sold, or mortgaged, and remortgaged up to their armpits; entails may be cut off, plate pawned, diamonds sold; the bailiffs waiting in livery at the town-house; the sheriff with his writ of *fi fa* in possession of the country seat; but be a lord, and you may live, aye, and in affluence and in honour, on the credit of your lordship still.

(To be continued.)

LAW AND CRIME.

IN our last week's impression, we gave the details of a trial, at Maidstone, of one Samuel Baker, for an alleged murder committed at Deal. The prisoner was landlord of a public house, McCarroll, the deceased (a young officer), had called late one night, requesting some grog on "tick." As his request was refused, he assaulted the landlady and passed on. The landlady, on hearing the facts, put a short poker into his pocket, and sallied out in pursuit. The officer was afterwards found dead, with his skull fractured. On being arrested, the prisoner said that the deceased had struck him, and that he had used the weapon with which he had armed himself. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, thereby evidently adopting the view that the crime was not a deliberate revenge, but a hasty blow under provocation. When we published the particulars, the Judge had deferred the sentence. Since then it has been pronounced. The prisoner is condemned to penal servitude for life. The severity of the sentence is in direct opposition to the finding of the jury. It can only be justified by the assumption of premeditation of the crime, and the evasion of the verdict of manslaughter for that murder, is an acquittal by the jury of premeditation. The officer was known to be armed with a stick, and prisoner, when he followed, seized the first weapon at hand, and placed this in his pocket, as a man would who intended to use it only if opposed by a superior force. His declaration that he did so only after being struck, strengthens this view, and it is quite clear that he never intended to kill the man, or knew that he had done so; for he told the circumstances to the first man he met. It is not right for a Judge to take in passing sentence the harshest possible view of a prisoner's offence, after that offence has been declared by the solemn verdict of the jury to be entitled to merciful consideration. Exactly the same punishment as that awarded to Baker, was meted out last week to Thomas Fuller Bacon for the administration of arsenic to his own mother. When one considers the immense difference between the two cases, the similarity of the sentences cannot but excite dissatisfaction.

A curious alleged fraud was exposed last Saturday at Reading. A tall young man of fashionable appearance was charged with attempting to defraud a tradesman of Reading by means of false representations. The prisoner, whose name was John Singleton Copley Hill, had called at the shop of the complainant, and had there represented himself as connected with the "British Mercantile Agency," one of the numerous trade protection societies now existing in the metropolis. He applied for a debt of £15 12s. 3d. due to Messrs. Hanson and Co. The complainant, Mr. Poole, at once paid this amount when Hill produced a writ previously issued, for the debt and costs. This trick is one to which every debtor is liable. Moreover, even under such circumstances the costs would be recoverable. On Mr. Poole's remonstrance, Hill said, "You have no credit in London—your credit is gone, and your creditors have determined on winding you up." He added, that there had been the day before a meeting of Mr. Poole's creditors, and that he (Hill) had then in his possession a signed notice of bankruptcy from two of them. Mr. Poole was so thrown off his guard by these representations, that he allowed Hill to overhaul his books, and generally to take stock of his property and position. After having done this, Hill offered, on the payment of £50 over and above all legal expenses, to carry Mr. Poole through all claims upon him for 12s. 6d. in the pound. Before according to this request, Mr. Poole consulted his solicitor, and the result, as might have been expected, was the arrest of Hill. At the examination it was proved that no notice of bankruptcy had in fact been signed, as pretended, nor had the alleged meeting of creditors ever taken place. Mr. Sadler, for the defence, after the above facts had been proved, contended that there was "not a title of evidence" against his client. It is a somewhat curious circumstance, but nevertheless one constantly recurrent, that whenever this inelegant expression is used by an advocate, the case against his client is a stranger one than ordinary. In fact, it can seldom be deserving of much consideration, as, if there be no evidence, where can be the necessity for a reply? Having, however, discharged this customary exordium, Mr. Sadler proceeded bit by bit to admit the case for the prosecution without palliation. "Whether the defendant, in telling Mr. Poole he would carry him through for £50 over and above the expenses, was right or wrong, it was not for him to say. . . . With respect to the statement of a meeting of Mr. Poole's creditors having taken place, it was quite clear there had been no such meeting. He would not justify the defendant in making that statement, and he thought that would prove a warning to him for the rest of his life to tell the truth, and not utter falsehoods. . . . He would submit to the magistrates that the evidence had not disclosed any fraudulent intention, that altogether it was a mistake, and there was no attempt to defraud." . . . He did submit this, just as in a former part of his speech he had already submitted, "with some degree of confidence, that there was no evidence to prove the false pretence," and the prisoner having been accordingly committed for trial, was carried off to the county jail. Whether the prisoner's statement of his connection with the "Mercantile Agency" was true or not, or indeed whether such a society actually exists, we cannot tell. But the exposure of this fraud, so nearly successful, should put tradesmen on their guard against societies which, while pretending to be established for the protection of trade, may so easily be converted into its bane. Had Hill's trick succeeded, who would have been the loser? Not so much the immediate intended victim, as the creditors who, by the agency of Hill, would have been deluded into accepting 12s. 6d. in the pound for their debts from a perfectly solvent debtor, through the medium of the use of the society's name.

On Tuesday morning a young woman, with a bandaged head and with her clothes covered with blood, and whose appearance is described as having caused "a thrill of horror among the spectators in court," was charged, at Bow Street, with disorderly conduct. A policeman, without the mark of a struggle upon him, told a rambling and improbable falsehood, of his having been attacked by the prisoner and some other girls, of his having been compelled to use his staff in self-defence, and of the head of prisoner having "somehow come into contact with his staff." Evidence strongly inculpatory of the policeman was gone into, and the only testimony attempted on his behalf was that of the station-sergeant, who deposed that the policeman was sober—a fact which, if true, made the matter so much the worse. Mr. Henry said he had never heard of a constable using his staff in so cowardly a manner, and argued the prisoner, and assured her that the policeman's conduct should be inquired into. We have frequently had occasion to call public attention to misconduct on the part of the police, and, unfortunately, but seldom to record proper notice being taken on the part of the authorities. To overlook charges arising against the police is an error of extremely short-sighted policy. The more strict superintendence is exerted over the police, and the more firmly any attempt to exceed their authority is repressed, the more will the force be respected by the public, and the more readily will its power receive assistance, when necessary.

Newcastle upon-Tyne.

